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March 4, 1978

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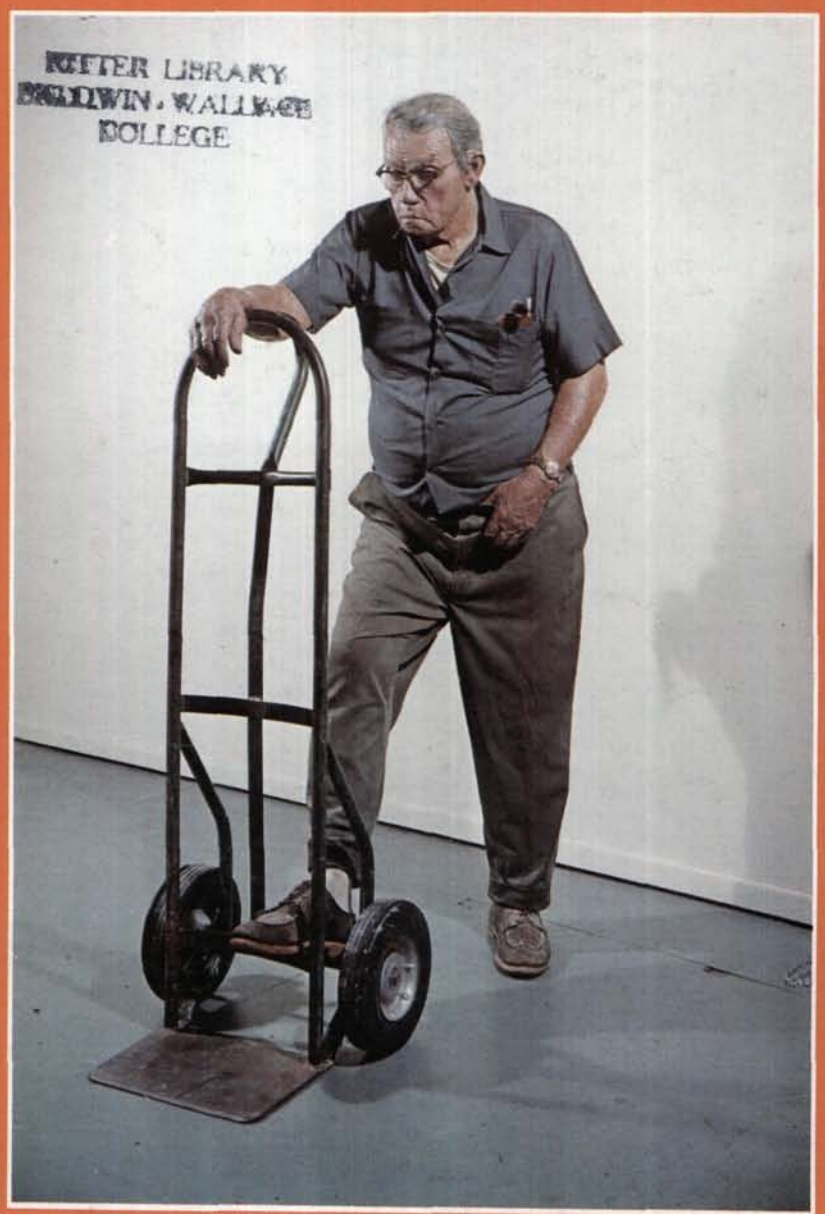

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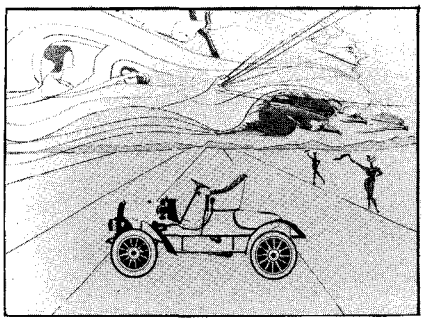

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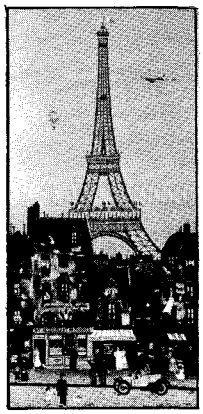

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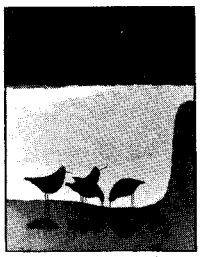

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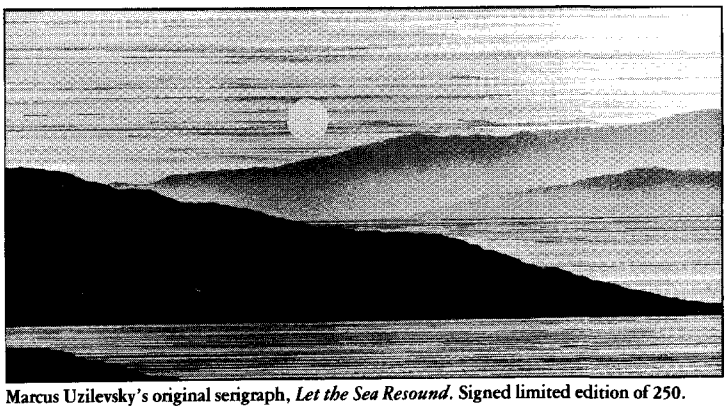

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# TRB

from Washington
March 4, 1978

## Disasters Great and Small

I'd like to clear out my bottom drawer on a number of subjects. First, a serious one: SALT.

The theory is that at some point soon President Carter will present the Senate with a new Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty, SALT II, to set beside the one Richard Nixon got passed. For what it's worth let me say that I do not think the Senate in its present mood would give a two-thirds majority to any treaty with the Soviet Union, on any subject, particularly on arms limitation. The reasons are two, institutional and ideological.

The two-thirds requirement for passing a treaty is, I believe, one of the most dangerous requirements in the Constitution. The Founding Fathers' idea of democracy was based partly on property, and they also thought the Senate should be an elitist body picked by legislatures, not by voters. The House has no part in the treaty-making. Partisans and zealots can get a Senate one-third-plus-one minority on almost any controversial subject. In 1920 three-fourths of the Senate at all times wanted some sort of a League, but could never agree on a specific league. Again, the fight to join the World Court started in the Senate in 1925; after various vicissitudes it came to a vote in January 1933: the vote was 52 to 36 for the court, a majority of 16. So, of course, it was defeated. It required a *two-thirds majority*, and this was seven votes short.

Ideologically, the battle against SALT II began with the confirmation fight over presidential negotiator Paul C. Warnke, considered too soft by the hawks. About that time Melvin Laird published his piece in *The Readers' Digest* "Arms Control: The Russians Are Cheating!" Senate hawks like Scoop Jackson are ready to swoop down on any treaty as on a stray lamb, and Paul Nitze, spokesman of the so-called Committee on the Present Danger, is already declaring this treaty a danger, though it hasn't been written yet. According to the *Washington Post*'s Moscow correspondent, Kevin Klose (Feb. 12) the Soviets are expressing "deep concern" over slow progress on SALT. They have reason, I think. If Richard Nixon were brought back and put in the White House, he might reassure the hawks; I don't think any Democrat could do it.

I don't set the above judgments down flippantly. I think Russia and the US are hell-bent on a nuclear confrontation; I agree with Jimmy Carter who said that the lack of a second SALT agreement would produce "ultimate disaster" and that heightening the arms race means increasing the chance of nuclear war. Exactly. But how can you get a Senate two-thirds SALT treaty majority? It would probably be better to propose no treaty at all than to have it end like the World Court fight in 1933—a majority for it, but 7 votes short of two-thrids.

The so-called "Haldeman revelations" came and went, and left Washington almost unchanged. It was like a city going to bed with a weather warning of "two to four inches of snow" and looking out next morning on a clear landscape. It presented novel problems for journalists and a new discovery of how volatile news is, as a merchandisable commodity. *The New York Times* thought it had everything well bottled up and took elaborate precautions to keep the secret with a syndicate of 30 newspapers, only to have the *Washington Post* (not in the syndicate) impertinently produce its own unauthorized summary. This caused confusion for the publishers but didn't raise the quality of the product which was padded, unreliable and tawdry.

*Newsweek*, amusingly enough, got scooped by the *Post*, which has the same owner, Katharine Graham, and raised its price to a dollar and a quarter on the strength of a 20-page supplement. Under oath, on the witness stand, Haldeman said he had no knowledge of things which he now "speculates" on—Nixon initiated the Watergate break in, Nixon helped erase the tapes, Nixon instituted the bugging of columnist Joe Kraft's Georgetown home. There is the dubious yarn, too, of the Russians almost A-bombing China. It is pretty hard to swear you don't know about some of these matters and later make a marketable book of them. But Haldeman succeeds pretty well and may make half a million from jail.

Another story that has titillated Washington in the past week is Hamilton Jordan and the spit-drink. As a

*(continued on page 42)*


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*Cover:* Man with Hand Truck *(1975) by Duane Hanson. Courtesy of O.K. Harris Gallery. Article on page 27.*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

March 4, 1978

# No Eagles for Arabia

Should we sell the American Eagle to Saudi Arabia? No doubt the Saudis can provide for it the standard of living to which it is accustomed. But it is a predatory bird, and there is some question where in the desert it will find its prey. Yemen is too small a morsel for its appetite. Iran is too large to digest (and a friend of ours anyway). And the Carter administration has already expressed its opposition to third countries flying our birds in the Horn of Africa.

This leaves Iraq, against whom administration officials say the F-15 will play a useful role in stabilizing the balance of power, and Israel against whom US officials are somehow confident that it will not be used. We don't believe that any peril from Iraq is what motivates this transaction with the Saudis. The putative Iraqi threat can be cited to justify almost anything, since Iraq has more than triple the armed forces of the Wahabbi Kingdom, higher levels of combat efficiency, and an aggressive Ba'athist ideology, hostile to the very existence of "reactionary" Arab regimes. But this situation has existed since February 1963 (when the Ba'athists executed Qasim and assumed power in Iraq), without Saudi Arabia's requiring massive arms transfers until now. In fact, Baghdad's recent moderation of its claims against Kuwait and Iran, instead of dampening fears, seems to coincide with the period of accelerated sales to Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. If the principle of building up Saudi forces against the Iraqi threat is taken as the criterion for arms sales, the 60 F-15s will be merely the opening wedge for enormous future provisions.

Saudi forces never have been engaged directly against Iraqis. But on the Israeli front, about which Washington is so sanguine, Saudi Arabia has participated in three wars, contrary to President Carter's February 17th assertion that "Saudi Arabia has never been actively engaged in any aggression against Israel." Is that what the President and his advisers really think? Or was he deliberately misinformed? As early as 1948, Saudi Arabia furnished a battalion of troops under Egyptian command for the invasion of Palestine by the Arab League armies. On May 24, 1967, the Jordanian government announced permission for Saudi forces to enter Jordan as part of the Arab mobilization against the Jewish state. Some Saudi units entered southern Jordan the same day, with others waiting in readiness near the border. None were engaged heavily in the ensuing hostilities of the Six Day War, but this was more a consequence of the lightning Israeli victory than of any apparent lack of will on the part of the Saudis. During the 1973 war, a Saudi brigade of approximately 3000 was dispatched to Syria, and several Saudi soldiers were actually taken prisoner by the Israelis. In addition, eight Saudi helicopters with Saudi pilots were sent to Egypt to participate in logistic support missions, and did not return home until a few months after the war ended. Following the 1973 war, a brigade of about 4000 men remained in Jordan encamped near Karak, in the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea, until late 1976. In November of 1975, fifteen F-5E Tigers that we had delivered to Saudi Arabia less than 12 months earlier (amid assurances to Congress that the administration was confident that they would not be used against Israel) flew out of a Jordanian base into Syria to participate in joint Syrian/Jordanian/Saudi maneuvers lasting several days. (Riyadh explained to Washington that its squadron was merely participating in the "annual training cycle" of the Saudi brigade in Syria). Senior Saudi military commanders and officials now consult regularly with their counterparts in the confrontation states and make frequent visits to Egypt, Syria, and Jordan. Riyadh is investing heavily in the



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Arab Military Industries Organization to build munitions and aerospace facilities in Egypt and has just announced it is building a 10-billion-dollar weapons production center of its own.

We hope, or course, that the present negotiations for settlement will succeed. But they may not, and even if they do, it will be a long time before we know that the terms of peace will hold. As it happens, the top Saudi political officials have been forthright in statements that their country would commit its forces in a fifth war. King Khalid told *The New York Times* in 1976:

> *When we build up our military strength we have no aims against anybody, except those who took by force our lands and our shrines in Jerusalem—and we know who that is . . . The strength of Saudi Arabia is a strength for the whole Arab and Islamic world. We always intended to make use of all military equipment that might help to build our military strength.*

Defense Minister Sultan told the *Christian Science Monitor* that "All our weapons are at the disposal of the Arab nation and will be used in the battle against the common enemy." Foreign Minister Saud assured *Newsweek* that, "In times of war when the interests of our brother Arab countries are involved and blood is flowing, nothing is too expensive to use (including) whatever resources we have to hurt our enemy." The Kuwaiti newspaper *Al Qabas* recently reported that Saudi officials "feel their country will be exposed to any new war in the area and for that reason are preparing to participate in such war by opening a new front in the Eilat area" (150 miles from a major Saudi airfield at Tabuk).

US officials dismiss these as "hometown statements" made for the benefit of the leaders they are talking to at the moment, and continue to insist that the theoretical Iraqi threat is the one to which US arms transfer policy should be addressed. But the tenfold expansion of Saudi capabilities that is now underway with US assistance (current Saudi defense expenditures being nearly equal to those of Britain, France, and Germany, and nearly two and a half times those of Israel itself) will make it just about impossible for the Wahabbi Kingdom *not* to participate in another Arab-Israeli round. The new capabilities may generate their own intentions and enhance the pressures within the country and from other Arab states to contribute to a common Arab effort against the Zionist enemy. As the national armed forces grow out of proportion to the White Army (the Royal Guard); as a new military technocracy trained abroad and subjected to the contaminating influence of revolutionary ideas brings to bear its modernist and nationalist influence; and as the Saudi ruling elite adopts a role of leadership in the Arab camp, the pressures to participate in the struggle against Israel will grow. And if Saudi intentions are ambiguous or appear to be leaning toward involvement in a war, given the Saudi F-15, the Israelis will have to take this into account. The Saudis may anticipate an Israeli preemption, setting in motion a cycle of defensive/preemptive calculations on both sides. There also are likely to be many American personnel on the ground in Saudi Arabia, caught in the middle of escalating tensions and violence. The most serious problem raised by the sale of advanced combat aircraft to Saudi Arabia is that it would significantly increase the likelihood of the outcome least desired by the Carter administration, the Israelis, and presumably the Saudis: direct combat between forces of Israel and Saudi Arabia, making the latter, for the first time, a full-fledged confrontation state. It is hard to see how it could be otherwise.

> "I do not believe arms sales buy lasting friends. I'm concerned with the ways in which our country, as well as the Soviet Union, Britain and France, have poured arms into certain Arab countries far beyond their legitimate needs for defense—five or six times more than Israel receives. This heady rush for weapons increases the chance of war. It postpones peace negotiations. It defers development. It erodes security."
>
> *Jimmy Carter, April 1, 1976.*

In themselves, Saudi F-15s will not overturn the balance of power against Israel. But it would be a mistake to underestimate their significance. Assertions that Saudi pilots would not be able to fly these machines rest ultimately on completely untenable racialist assumptions similar to those that had people surprised by early Arab successes in the October war. The Saudi armed forces draw upon the same Bedouin stock that the British fashioned into the Jordanian Arab Legion, rightly regarded as the best fighting force of its size in the Arab world. Saudi pilots are being trained in the United States and at home by American and European advisers, and even if they are able to realize only 50 percent of the performance capability of the F-15, the impact on the Arab-Israeli balance will be substantial. By 1983, there will have been a tenfold increase in the number of Saudi combat aircraft compared to 1967 and a threefold increase since 1973. The increase in weapons payload will be even greater: 2700 percent over 1967 and 500 percent over 1973. The total single-sortie missile payload with the F-15 will be 240 air-to-surface missiles in 1983, compared to no air-to-surface capability at all in 1973. The new aircraft will be vastly superior in low-level penetration capability, maneuverability, range, weapons delivery equipment, and electronic countermeasures to anything now in the Arab inventories, and will pose a considerable threat to Israeli cities, airfields, and the Hawkeye airborne early

*(continued on page 8)*



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# Correspondence

## Play it as it lays

*To the editors:*

On page 11 of the February 11 issue of *TNR* I find this remarkable line:

> *What lays ahead is a long period of negotiation. . . .*

This inspired the following ode to Tad Szulc and your staff.

> *What lays ahead! What songs of love and laughter*
> *We hope to hear in some sublime hereafter!*
> *But in what language will these lays be sung,*
> *With English lying on its gory bed?*
> *Writer and editor should both be hung;**
> *Only the guillotine can lay a head.*

*George Brewster*
*Bozeman, Montana*

*Of course, Mr. Brewster meant "hanged."

*The editors*

## How models work

*To the editors:*

James Henry's attack on econometric models ("The Future Hustle," *TNR*, Feb. 4) though lengthier than similar earlier articles, contains similar half-truths and innuendo and reveals the same lack of understanding about how models work and how they are used.

The third of the four alleged deadly sins of economic (particularly econometric) forecasting, "the irrational claims to authority of evangelical religion," is as baseless as it is odious. Econometricians, as a group, are scientifically oriented, invoke no priests, use no incantations or claims to absolute authority, and are well aware of the deficiencies of their models.

Henry repeats two widely held misconceptions about econometric models. First such models (misnamed "computer models") are not "black boxes" that reside inaccessibly inside computers. They are fully documented and periodically published. Thus they are subject to outside criticism as well as internal review. Moreover, the econometric forecasting procedure itself, unlike purely judgmental forecasting, leaves a clear methodological record. These objective aspects of the econometric approach provide a basis for improvement.

Second, econometric models are not rigid mechanical devices, but provide a framework within which results can be modified by judgmental factors. Thus econometric forecasting is an art (not a black art) as well as a science. Art requires skill; econometric forecasting, being no exception in this regard, should therefore be practiced only by persons who have a broad and deep understanding of the economy as well as of the model (including its weaknesses).

*Albert A. Hirsch*
*Chevy Chase, Maryland*

## Arabs and reptiles

*To the editors:*

It's cute when you say that, "The burgeoning demand for astrologers peeked during the Puritan Revolution . . ." ("The Future Hustle," *TNR*, Feb. 4) leaving us to wonder whether it was around the tree or under the bed it was peering.

But it is simply wrong when you say, on page 45 of the same issue, that dinosaurs were warm-blooded. When you lose your objectivity in discussing Arabs we can balance with understanding, but let's give real reptiles their due. They are cold-blooded.

*Nelson F. Hine*
*Schenectady, New York*

## Made in Japan

*To the editors:*

Though I've often found myself praising Tad Szulc for his works of political analysis, his discussion of the worsening US-Japanese trade imbalance ("The Strauss Round," *TNR*, Feb. 11) casts doubt on his understanding of its real causes.

It is true that Japanese products are often of high quality—and bare high prices to boot—but his generalized suggestion that Japanese production is of "extremely high quality" is simply not warranted. Without intending to disparage the finer Japanese products, Szulc's description simply does not apply to the lesser expensive imports which are—if anything—*declining* in quality. Nor does it consider the mountains of small electronics, trinkets and toys, not to mention cheap textiles, brought into this country annually, and valued in the hundreds of millions, if not billions. Not every Japanese product meets the standards of a Sony color TV or Datsun 810.

A further error on his part is to underestimate the relevance of the lower wage-cost of Japanses production. If instead of looking at the success of high-priced Japanses goods we focus on the *distribution* system as a trade factor, we get a different picture. Manufacture in Japan, be it by Japanese or Americans, makes for a lower "landed price" than would be possible manufacturing domestically. But this cost differential, in turn, makes it possible to offer the higher gross profit margins, rebates,

*(continued on page 43)*


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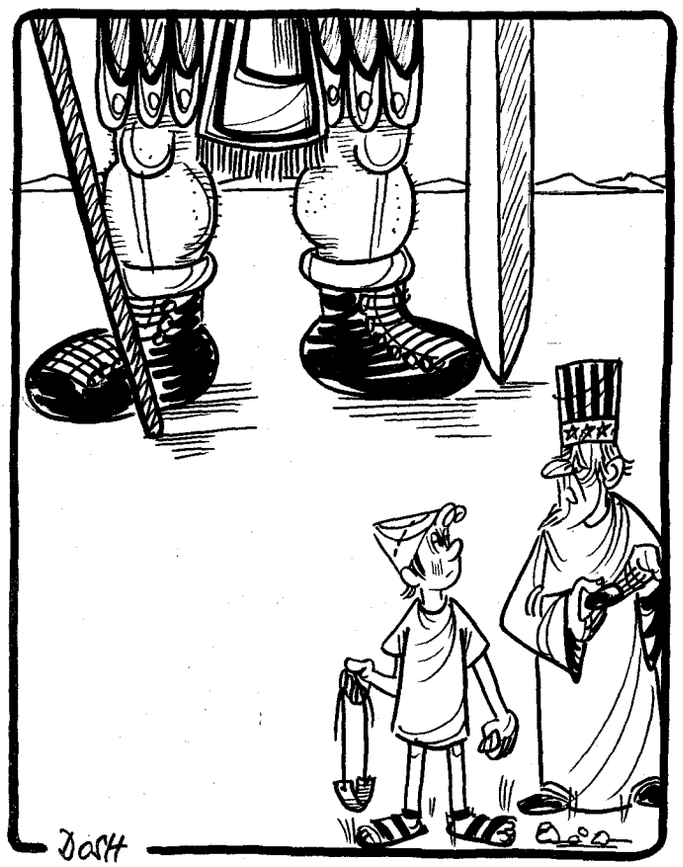
warning radar system around which Israel's air defenses are now structured. The administration simply is not telling the truth when it asserts that the transfer of F-15s to Saudi Arabia will not significantly and adversely affect the Arab-Israeli balance, and at a most inopportune moment.

Other activities of the United States in Saudi Arabia are equally dubious. The US Department of Defense has prepared for Riyadh a ten-year defense modernization plan to develop a complete military infrastructure,




*"Are you sure you need such a big stone?! . ."* Drawing by Dosh

including airfields, ports, radar and communications systems, logistic and supply facilities, and maintenance and repair operations, as well as an extensive program to train personnel to maintain, operate, repair, command, and administer the weapons and facilities. Over $13 billion in foreign military sales have already been delivered to Saudi Arabia or are presently in the pipeline. In contrast to the Libyans, who have a large inventory of weapons but lack a corresponding support infrastructure, Saudi Arabia's facilities are being designed from the ground up for sustained growth.

One element of this program is the huge base at Tabuk, close to the Negev, to Eilat, and also to the Sinai. Other Saudi airfields at Gurayat, Turayf, Al Wajh, Badanah, and Al Jawf are also being massively expanded. These facilities are from 150 to 400 miles from key Israeli targets, many within the 700-mile combat radius of the F-15. The US Army Corps of Engineers is adding over $200 million worth of barracks and facilities to the existing airfields and facilities at Tabuk, which will permit the permanent stationing of thousands of combat troops close to the Israeli front. In addition, the Corps is building an $83 million Airborne School there, where Saudi infantrymen will be given paratroop training to attack or land in combat areas from assault aircraft. Paratroops are by definition *offensive* forces whose *raison d'être* is to seize positions held by an adversary. Inevitably, Saudi paratroops will gain essential combat experience and be permanently stationed here, far from the Iraqi border, Yemen, Oman, or the other potential military theatres emphasized in statements of the Carter administration as justification for our arms and plane sales.

It is often argued that if the United States declines to provide state-of-the-art combat aircraft to Saudi Arabia, the Wahabbi Kingdom has the option to turn to European suppliers for such alternatives as the French F-1. Too often, the thesis that "if we don't do it, somebody else will" has been accepted to justify American sales that are not warranted in themselves. In the present case, French equipment would create some additional problems for the Arab-Israeli balance (such as the greater ease of transferability to the air forces of other Arab states already contracted to receive the F-1), but in the net assessment, European sales would not be as severe in their consequences as a US supply agreement.

The F-1 has a considerably lower combat potential than the F-15 on most dimensions of comparison. Also, European aircraft are more difficult to operate and maintain, and a Saudi mix of the existing F-5s with French F-1s would compound the interoperability, standardization, and maintenance problems of the RSAF, resulting in a lower net combat potential. And unlike American transfers, F-1 sales would not generate follow-on demands for AWACS or the Grumman E2-C airborne control systems. France does not produce an equivalent airborne radar system with overland capabilities, and Washington would be under less pressure to provide what the Saudis might otherwise regard as a natural complement to the American aircraft (particularly since the Shah has AWACS). Finally, the United States would not be in the position of supplying both sides in any hostilities that did erupt.

The sale of advanced American combat aircraft to Saudi Arabia is obviously tempting for the financial and political benefits that might accrue. Aside from the grotesque ethics of these death trade calculations, such an arrangement might well rebound, over the long haul, to the detriment of American interests in the area. If Saudi Arabia became a full-fledged confrontation state, Riyadh could very well emerge from a new Arab-Israeli war with a changed attitude toward the United States. Who, in any case, will wager that Saudi Arabia, once superbly armed by the US, will not, through an



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assassination or a rising, be found in the vanguard of the revolutionary left, like Algeria or Libya?

The diplomatic position of the Carter administration at this moment may make it impossible not to push the sale of the F-15 to the Saudis, but it is a very inept administration that puts itself hostage to its own rhetoric and illusions. Yes, there is a special relationship between the two countries. But that hardly means we need satisfy the royal family on its every demand. In the end, the monarchy is more dependent on us than we are on them. The monarchy cannot, after all, opt for the Russians. It too is dependent on the stability of the dollar and the health of western economies.

What happens every time someone asks for arms is another argument against too many presidential trips abroad. Away from home, the President seems like a giddy schoolgirl who always says yes. Congress, however, is in a position to look at the longer-term perspective and the deeper interests of the United States, and to do for the Executive branch what it seems to be either unable or unwilling to do for itself: to stop an arms export agreement that can only lead to another escalation of tensions in the Middle East. It can do this, according to statute, if both Houses explicitly vote to override the proposed sale. There is now feeling in Congress, and in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee particularly, that the procedures with reference to controlling arms sales are no longer adequate. It should not be the responsibility of individuals in the House and Senate to get their colleagues exercised enough within a very limited time span to cast an effective veto over the weapons trade initiatives of the Executive. Instead, any major commerce in military equipment should require the explicit and positive consent of the two Houses, much as is the case with other sorts of assistance. But, for the moment, the overriding imperative is not so much the procedures but the substance. It makes no sense to sell an aircraft that will be operational for a decade solely on the basis of a questionable diplomatic hypothesis on the date of the sale.

## Carter vs. the Constitution

Circumstance and new information may have caused President Carter to abandon some of his campaign promises, such as those for a balanced budget and reduced defense spending, but we can find no excuse whatever for recent decisions in the area of constitutional rights. Despite all of Carter's verbal disapproval of Nixon-era abuses, the President and his attorney general are showing symptoms of the same national-security-*uber-alles* mindset that gave us the Plumbers, the Pentagon Papers case and wiretaps all over Washington.

As we have commented previously (*TNR*, Feb. 11), Carter's plan for reorganizing the intelligence community would permit covert infiltration of domestic organizations and electronic surveillance and physical searches of US citizens without adequate legal safeguards. Now, the administration is showing in two separate specific cases that it, like other administrations before it, cannot be relied on to be well-intentioned toward individual rights, but must be held to the strictest possible legal standards. In suing ex-CIA man Frank Snepp, the administration is following a Nixon pattern in asserting government's power to limit the First Amendment rights of past CIA employees by exercising pre-publication censorship of their writing. In the case of Ronald Lewis Humphrey, the USIA employee charged with passing secret documents to Communist Vietnam, Carter is asserting power to order intrusive surveillance without a warrant.

We think it is politically stupid, to begin with, for the administration to sue Frank Snepp, whose book, *Decent Interval*, exposes the incompetent and sleazy manner in which the US government abandoned Saigon in 1975. What Snepp has written in no way affects any present government operations or indicts Carter administration officials. If it did, this would not justify Carter's suit, but might make it understandable. But here, President Carter is taking action against an author of history whose target is the actions of the Nixon-Ford-Kissinger administration. Carter is repeating the mistake of Nixon, who flew into a panic over disclosure of the Pentagon Papers, historical documents which exposed the errors and deceptions of the Johnson and Kennedy administrations. In a totally unnecessary way, Carter seems to be acting as if he favors a coverup of past presidential wrongdoing.

Why is he doing this? Attorney General Bell's explanation is that Snepp signed a pledge at the CIA not to reveal what he learned while employed there. "If the contract isn't valid," said Bell, "we and everyone ought to know it." But, Bell misses a point that an administration truly sensitive to civil liberties would not: there should not be a CIA oath that requires employees to submit their writing to prior censorship. Instead of testing the oath in court, the administration should be striking it out of existence. The national defense can be protected from disclosure of genuine secrets by the criminal law, which in fact already provides prison terms and fines for disclosing classified information.

There is an important difference between prior restraint before words are written or uttered and punishment after the fact, and the Supreme Court has always drawn a sharp line between them. The court has ruled that an attempt at prior censorship comes "with a heavy presumption against its constitutional validity" and can be justified only if publication would cause grave and immediate harm to the national defense, as



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CITIVIEWS

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# The Public Interest

"It was a terrible week. First we found our Automobile Club infested with pedestrians...then we discovered six experts who'd infiltrated the Laymen's Association...and Friday we caught three people in the Public Interest Forum secretly pursuing their own special interests..."

No one is known to have actually reported such a week, but it should come as no surprise if someone eventually does. Certainly, it is the sort of thing against which many of the voices raised "in defense of the public interest" seem to be warning us.

Probably no phrase in the English language affords more ambiguity or opportunities for demagoguery than "the public interest." Aside from the obvious question of who has the right to speak "for" the public, there is the still larger problem of just whose interest is being protected, and from whom.

What, exactly, is The Public? Who belongs to it, or, conversely, who does not? If The Public includes everyone, then the individual who volunteers to "defend the public interest" is really offering to protect us from ourselves. If The Public does not include everyone, then who has been excluded, and on what authority?

Or perhaps instead of one great Public we are referring to many smaller ones: as in the traveling public, the investing public, the theater-going public, or the Nielsen public. After all, people do form themselves into groups based on a community of interest, and those interests will sometimes conflict with one another. In that event, perhaps, the public interest advocate fills the role of impartial arbiter, dispensing justice or at least wisdom from some neutral vantage point, free of the special interests that entangle everyone else. But sometimes that neutral territory is hard to locate, and its disinterested inhabitants hard to identify.

Anyone trying to cross a busy intersection on foot, for example, knows that pedestrians and motorists sometimes have conflicting interests. So does the motorist trying to turn the corner. If there is a debate tonight in City Hall about altering the traffic lights for the greater convenience of one group or the other, whose side will you be on? And regardless of what you believe at the moment, how do we know you can be trusted? You might start out as a motorist, find a parking space on the way downtown, and arrive as a pedestrian. Yet, does it follow that we can find a fair solution to the problem only with the help of someone with no commitment to either side; that is to say, somebody who neither drives nor walks?

The purpose of this line of reasoning is not to denigrate anyone's efforts to speak disinterestedly on behalf of the general welfare, but merely to invite attention to certain aspects of the *pro bono publico* dialogue that are too often overlooked.

Consider, for example, the question of consumer advocacy. While there may be some uncertainty about just who or what constitutes a public, there is no doubt whatever that we are all consumers. Since no meeting can be held in which everyone present is not equally a

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consumer, who then does the "consumer representative" actually represent? Clearly, it must be either (1) a specific group of people who have in some manner selected a delegate to convey *their* convictions to the meeting; or (2) the speaker's own point of view.

In the latter case, the "consumer advocate" (at a stockholders' meeting, for instance) should really be saying something like this:

"I realize that everyone here is as much a consumer as I am. But you have other interests that may be more important to you than your interests as consumers. Since I am free of such conflicts, or able to deal with them more objectively, I am here to serve as the authoritative spokesman on that subject."

This is not, of course, the way such representations are usually made.

If, on the other hand, the advocate appears as the representative of a formal, organized group, the problem of objectivity becomes even more troublesome. Any organized group of people constitutes a special interest—by definition. Moreover, the longer an organization exists, the more specialized its interests become. It is unnecessary to demonstrate this fact: it is immediately apparent to anyone with even a passing acquaintance with any group, even if only a bridge club. Nor is objectivity—or the lack of it—linked solely to the profit motive, as any philanthropist can testify who has tried to honor competing claims by representatives of equally worthwhile charities.

Over the past decade, there has come into existence something often referred to as "the public interest community." It consists of men and women with a common desire to emphasize certain values and social perspectives—e.g., a clean environment—that affect all of us alike, and to act on behalf of those values whenever and wherever they perceive the rest of us to be neglecting them. It does nothing to detract from anyone's efforts to suggest that even the noblest cause can at length become a vested interest, or that it may attract at least a few who are perhaps more interested in doing well than in doing good.

Every American is entitled by law and the Constitution to fair representation by a president and a vice-president, two senators and a congressman, not to mention a governor, a state legislator, and probably a mayor. The vigor of our two-party system and the frequency with which we return our officials to private life testify that these legal representatives sometimes leave many of us less than satisfied. Anyone stepping forward to supplement their efforts by reminding us that something that ought to be done is not being done, or vice versa, should always be welcome in the national meeting hall.

It is only prudent, however, to review occasionally what used to be called in the Old West their *bona fides*. And it seems only fair to recall, from time to time, Dr. Johnson's admonition that "a common prejudice should not be found in one whose trade it is to rectify error."

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by revealing the location and number of troops in wartime. The court rejected the Nixon administration's attempt to exercise prior restraint over publication of the Pentagon Papers, even though they were classified. Justice Brennan declared it was not sufficient for the government to have "a surmise or conjecture that untoward cicumstances might result" from publication. The Carter administration, in the Snepp case, cannot really muster even a credible conjecture, since Saigon already is utterly lost.

It is true that Snepp signed a contract and did not obey its terms by turning his book manuscript in to the CIA for prior censorship. But, we think the contract is based on unconstitutional principles, and should not be enforced. We also think the CIA oath is bad government policy. Other officials in even more highly sensitive jobs—from Henry Kissinger to Edward Teller—can leave government and write memoirs without first submitting to government review. CIA Director Stansfield Turner apparently urged the President and Bell to sue Snepp as a warning to 800 ex-spies that he recently fired, but this does not justify continuation of government censorship policies. The criminal sanction is deterrent enough to stop them from spilling real secrets without assaulting the right of free speech.

Again, Carter is following the pattern of Nixon, whose administration in 1971 sued Victor Marchetti, an ex-CIA official, and won a court of appeals judgement upholding the government right to censor classified information. At the same time, the court ruled that un-classified information could not be cut, and Snepp tried diligently to live within that ruling. Meticulously, he disguised agents with aliases and sought not to disclose anything genuinely harmful. CIA Director Turner himself has affirmed that Snepp was "very circumspect" and no one has asserted that Snepp in any way compromised classified information, vital or trivial.

In addition to suing Snepp for damages over violation of his oath, the administration has in mind a second line of attack. Another part of the CIA secrecy agreement requires employees to surrender to the government all property rights to material learned by virtue of their CIA work. The government fallback position may be that Snepp can publish his book, but has to give up the proceeds to the US Treasury. Does the administration really wish to say that scoundrels such as Nixon, Haldeman and Ehrlichman can profit from writing about their high crimes and misdemeanors, but that an honest whistle-blower must pay for the privilege of exposing others' wrongdoing? It is too ludicrous perpetuate.

Meanwhile, the government's conduct of the Humphrey case shows that it lacks sensitivity to the Fourth Amendment as surely as to the First. We have no quarrel with the decision to prosecute Humphrey. If he gave secrets to Vietnam, he deserves to go to jail. But, much of the evidence against Humphrey was gathered by TV cameras secretly installed in his office *without a warrant.* Who decided to do this? Why, the President himself, urged on by the Attorney General.

As if to demonstrate its own doubts about the wisdom of its warrantless surveillance, the government arraigned Humphrey in Virginia, where he lives, rather than in the District of Columbia, where he works and where most of the evidence was collected. This seems an effort to bring the case under the jurisdiction of the conservative Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, rather than the DC court, which well might throw out the case for lack of a warrant.

The administration does not seem to be acting so zealously just to win this one case, but to affect the law. It seems to be seeking judicial endorsement of an "inherent power" of the president to conduct warrantless surveillances on US citizens suspected of spying for a foreign power. There has been no definitive ruling on this question, and the administration seems to be trying to set a precedent in Virginia that favors government prerogative over individual rights.

In the Humphrey case, it would have been easy for the government to obtain a warrant. There clearly was probable cause to believe Humphrey had committed a crime. The administration seems to have proceeded as it did in order to preserve its power to conduct warrantless surveillance. If the administration has guessed wrong about the Fourth Circuit, it may lose its "inherent power" and the Humphrey case, too. We do not believe presidents have "inherent power" to conduct searches of American citizens without warrants. We are appalled that the Carter administration would try to uphold this vestige of the imperial presidency, and risk letting an accused foreign spy go free in the process.

Carter's intelligence guidelines, the Humphrey and Snepp cases and the Justice Department's repeated interventions in court to throttle freedom of the press (*TNR*, Nov. 26) stand in sharp, disappointing contrast to the solicitude this administration demonstrates toward officials who commit misdeeds while serving supposed national security ends. The Attorney General was sympathetic to ex-CIA Director Richard Helms when he put his secrecy oath to the agency ahead of his responsibility to testify truthfully before a congressional committee. Justice went so slowly in

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investigating break-ins by FBI men that five government attorneys resigned in protest. There has been no official investigation to determine which Pentagon hawks leaked top secret details of US-Soviet SALT negotiations.

Despite Vietnam, Watergate and the intelligence scandals—the litany of woe that President Carter cited frequently in his campaign—the abracadabra of national security still works powerful magic. If Jimmy Carter is under its spell, he and the nation need an attorney general who is not and who understands that national security is not an end in itself. National security exists to protect the ideals which set this nation apart. We cannot afford, in the name of national security, more subversion of our constitutional rights.

## Let Them Eat Golf Clubs

Burning Tree is a legendary place, a country club near Washington where Presidents (though not Jimmy Carter), senators, lawyers, labor leaders and lobbyists make high policy while wheeling around the golf course or drying off after a shower. It is such an exclusive club that its entrance in one of Washington's poshest suburbs is not even marked. If you need a sign to guide you, well, you just don't *belong*; if you belong, you don't need a sign. And, of course, the club admits no women, not even as guests. Anachronistic is what you'd call it, but a private club is a private club, and shouldn't there be places where men and women can go to be away from one another, if that's what they like?

But, Burning Tree is a legendary anachronism with a difference, and its good fortune reveals how power takes care of itself around Washington. Like other country clubs in Maryland, Burning Tree receives a substantial tax assessment break under the cushy fiction that it is "open space," like a park or game preserve. Lately, though, Maryland's attorney general has been cracking down on clubs which discriminate against blacks and other minorities, threatening them with loss of these special assessments. Burning Tree came under scrutiny not for discriminating racially—it has two blacks among its 547 members—but for keeping out women. Did it lose its assessment?

Of course not. The attorney general ruled that the club could continue to exclude women because it is a club "primarily for men." By this logic, other clubs could keep out blacks because they are "primarily for whites," but none of Burning Tree's distinguished members has quit in embarrassment over the ruling. This is just the way power works: you play your golf game, you can discriminate, you get a tax break and you needn't even blush.

Bella is beaten,
but still searching for new barricades.

# Requiem for a Heavyweight

Bella Abzug has lost her bid to return to Congress from New York's 18th, the East Side Manhattan, silk-stocking district that was represented by John Lindsay and then Ed Koch before each ascended to Mayor of New York City. It was the third race in less than 18 months in which she'd begun as the frontrunner and wound up the loser. In 1976, Pat Moynihan beat her in the US Senate primary; last year she ran fourth in a mayoral primary, and now she has succumbed to S. William Green, an unknown Republican in a district where Democrats have a 3-to-1 edge in registration and one that Ed Koch carried by 70 percent in the last election.

Bella has been on the streets in a nearly continuous campaign for a year and a half. She has run three races in the same city covered by the same newspapers and TV stations, and conducted each as though it were a holy war. In between, a little more Bella publicity was ginned up with rumors that she was in line for a big federal appointment in the Carter administration, then with her chairmanship of the International Women's Year Conference in Houston. The voters simply wearied of the option. All in all it was just too much publicity for any political personality to survive, let alone Bella, whose every aspect is blown out of all proportion to begin with.

Bella is a product of her times. She emerged as a movement figure of the 1960s—a civil rights activist, anti-war leader, feminist crusader—a symbol for every cause. When she won election to the US House in 1970, she was immediately depicted as a strident minority of one, a pariah of a congressperson whose sponsorship of a bill assured its defeat. The odd fact is that even though she never quite managed to separate her causes from her job, she actually was what she claimed to be—an effective, relatively influential legislator who tended to her constituents' business. She was a major force on the public works and government operations committees, an outspoken advocate of urban mass transit against the interests of the automobile and oil industries. With New York City on the brink of bankruptcy, no one worked harder than Bella to assure a federal bailout. When she gave up her absolutely safe House seat to run for the Senate, her performance over three terms carried the certification of no less an authority than Speaker Tip O'Neill. "I don't live in New York," said O'Neill, "but if I did, I'd be out there working for Bella and voting for Bella."



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Bella Abzug by Paul Szep

But Abzug has been a hot media commodity for nearly a decade, and her years in Congress did nothing to overcome the "Battling Bella" image which once she nurtured and which now has become a permanent fixture in the public's consciousness. A good part of every Bella campaign had to be devoted to overcoming that image. A soft-spoken, conciliatory Bella had to convince the voters that she wasn't what they knew very well she really was. She campaigned as a contradiction to herself, and it didn't work. Bella's image was irrevocably formed on barricades with the bullhorn. From the old days she carried along a core of supporters who would follow her through the Khyber and down the Ganges. But she was also a polarizing force who drew people as powerfully to the voting booth to cast ballots against her as to support her for the offices she sought.

In all the summing-up on Bella, not much attention has been paid to S. William Green, the man who ran a shrewd campaign and spent plenty of money—most of it his own—to beat her in a district where she doesn't live and couldn't even vote. Obviously, Bella herself was the leading issue in the campaign, but Green also reminded the district's voters that if they disagreed with President Carter's urban programs, the way to let him know was *not* to send another Democrat to Washington. He also pointed out that when the 147 Republicans caucus in the US Capitol, there is not one member among them to speak up for the interests of New York City.

Green, heir to the Grand Union supermarket fortune, started way behind, but he didn't lack for resources to catch up. When an early Republican National Committee poll showed that only one in 200 people even knew who he was, he simply ponied up $100,000 for ten days of citywide television and radio advertising. To maximize Bella's negatives, the Green campaign installed a phone bank and started by calling only Democrats and Independents. What they found was that a quarter of the Democrats contacted were anti-Bella and determined to vote. Among the Independents, the "anybody-but-Abzug" sentiment ran two-to-one. Those, plus the Republicans, were the voters the Green campaign turned out for a snowy, low-turnout special election. Nobody in American politics can stimulate a backlash quite like Abzug, not on the merits of her message, but on her mode of delivery. By all indications, Bill Green's voting record will be about as liberal as Bella Abzug's was.

On the morning after her defeat, Bella bluntly told reporters, "I'll thank you not to write my obituary," and there are signs she may try once more to win this same seat in Congress. That would mean two more elections in the next nine months. If that's what she decides to do, some will term Bella undaunted, others uneducable. But the voters of New York's 18th have rejected Bella three times running, and the political odds are that they probably would again. To them, she's a burnt-out case.

Were this a parliamentary system where each party's most important leaders are assigned to run in constituencies designed to guarantee their election, a safe seat somewhere might be found for Bella Abzug. But even as Citizen Abzug, she remains an important force in politics as the most prominent advocate for an organized, increasingly vocal and persistent interest group—women.

**Coming:**

Marcos' Philippines and the smell of Graham Greene's Havana



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Over the past few years, Bella has come to symbolize the effort to win a greater representation for women in politics. When she launched her bid for the Senate in 1976, it was an all-male body. Today, Muriel Humphrey is the only woman serving in that chamber, and she comes to the position via the route of most of her predecessors—by inheritance from a famous, successful husband. Only 18 of 435 members of the House are women. Counting historically, the figures are astounding. Since the beginning of the Republic, there have been 1726 Senators; of them, eleven have been women. Of a total 9,591 members of the House, only 87 have been women. It defies reason to believe that imbalances of this magnitude are not reflected in the outcome of the legislative process. Last fall, for example, when the Congress was deadlocked over the Hyde amendment on federal payment for abortions and the budgets of two of the largest agencies of government were held hostage in the process, all 27 members of the conference committee debating the question of abortion, arguably of some concern to women, were male. Nor is it encouraging to look at the other branches of government. Never has a woman been named to the US Supreme Court, and Patricia Roberts Harris and Juanita Kreps together constitute 40 percent of the women ever to serve in the cabinet. No society that so systematically excludes half its members from the governing process can be called democratic.

At the very lowest levels, there are now beginnings of the signs of change. More women are running for school board, county council and state legislature, and, very gradually, more are winning. To be sure, those getting elected normally are not like Bella. In fact many go to great lengths to demonstrate their differences. They are most likely to be inspired housewives or graduates of the League of Women Voters, the antithesis of the militant feminist cadres spawned by the women's movement. They are important, the ripples against the water's edge, but Bella was the rock that crashed into the middle of the pond.

**Ken Bode**

White House Watch

# A Shabby Piece of Work

## by John Osborne

"This is not the book I set out to write," H.R. (Bob) Haldeman says at the start of *The Ends of Power*, his account and explanation of the conspiracies and crimes known as Watergate. He says he first intended "to put together all of my memories of the Nixon White House years—good, bad, and otherwise—in a complete memoir of that exhilarating and tragic period in my life, and the life of the nation." This I know to be true because, many months after Nixon required him, John Ehrlichman, John Dean and Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to resign, Haldeman asked me to help him write that kind of book. I occasionally interviewed him and came to like and respect him during his first 20 months as chief of the Nixon staff. After I reported in this space that he'd called one of my stories "the shittiest piece of journalism" he'd ever seen, he never again spoke to me until he telephoned from California. By then he was broken, pathetically apologetic, already on the road to prison, and I did him the courtesy of thinking over his invitation for a day or two before I declined to help him with the book.

Haldeman initially ascribes his postponement—not abandonment, he indicates—of that project to Ford's television interviews with David Frost in the spring of 1977. Haldeman professes to have hoped that Nixon would use the interviews to put Watergate in perspective by telling "the whole story" of the Nixon presidency and "its many great accomplishments." Instead, "the net effect had been to distort and confuse the issue even further" and he "decided then and there to put aside my long-range effort and to turn specifically to the true story behind Watergate." So says Haldeman on the first page of an author's note which precedes a foreword which precedes the body of the book. He comes clean on page 65: ". . . in 1977 I watched, in growing dismay, the performance of Richard Nixon on television in the David Frost interviews in which—in a flow of emotional doubletalk—he 'revealed' that his only guilt in Watergate was not firing Ehrlichman and me, the real villains, soon enough. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised. This part of his performance was vintage



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'dark' Richard Nixon, fighting for survival, now trying to rehabilitate himself over the prostrate bodies of his aides: 'splendid fellows' who unfortunately ran the coverup without telling Nixon anything."

Here we have from Haldeman the essence of why his book appears on its face to be a shoddy, vicious, self-serving, deceptive conglomeration of previously reported fact and of implications, couched in terms of legally safe speculation, that practically everybody at the top of the Nixon heap triggered, managed and/or participated in this or that Watergate episode—except Haldeman. He does acknowledge that he had a marginal part in some of it and he says: "Obviously, some of us did something wrong. In my view, all of us at the White House involved in Watergate did a lot of things wrong. Some criminal, some harmless, some accidental, some shrewdly calculated, some stupidly blundered, but each wrong." This sort of confessional, and it recurs again and again in the book, turns out upon examination to be a cover for statements that invariably absolve Haldeman of knowingly doing or being knowingly responsible for anything really wrong. The book, in short, is an exercise in absolution of its author and of revenge upon Nixon for "trying to rehabilitate himself over the prostrate bodies of his aides."

It is an unconvincing exercise for several reasons other than patent self-service. One of the other reasons is that nearly all of what would be major additions to the established Watergate record if they were asserted as fact known to Haldeman are set forth as speculative guesses at what might have been. This applies particularly to his suggestions, easily read as flat allegations and sometimes repeated as such after the protective cover has been provided, that Nixon himself gave the order that led to the June 17, 1972 break-in at the Democratic national headquarters in the Watergate office building and that Nixon himself erased the famous 18-and-a-half minute gap in a crucial White House tape.

A typically dubious passage concerns that gap and Haldeman's undocumented conviction, elaborated throughout the book, that Nixon brought the central Watergate scandal upon himself by ordering Charles Colson, his wily and ruthless special counsel, to do anything necessary to get evidence that would discredit Lawrence O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Haldeman supposes (he says) that Colson, in response to Nixon's order, gave two other Watergate principals, Howard Hunt and Gordon Liddy, the instructions that led to the bugging of O'Brien's telephone and another telephone at the DNC headquarters and, finally, to the arrests of Hunt and four other Watergate burglars. The gap occurred in the tape of a conversation between Haldeman and Nixon on June 20, 1972, three days after the June break-in and arrests. Haldeman says he'd racked his brains for years, trying to remember what was said in the erased portion of that June 20 conversation and while writing his book had "reconstructed the way the conversation might have gone." The "reconstruction" had Nixon saying: "The FBI's starting their investigation, and I know one thing, I can't stand an FBI investigation of Colson." Other remarks reflecting Nixon's intense anxiety and fear that Colson would be implicated follow in the exact style of transcribed and published Nixon tapes, complete with three-dot elipses and profane calls upon God and Christ. Haldeman says that notes he made of the conversation—no notes of the erased portion survive—show that he and Nixon began a discussion of public relations problems raised by the Watergate arrests *after* the gap ended and the audible recording resumed. In the segment of the tape played in Judge John Sirica's court, Haldeman's and Nixon's discussion of public relations matters, including a murky reference to this journal, began *before* an undulating buzz signaled the erasure. The buzz lasted throughout the gap.

Here we pause and consider factors that could invalidate much of what's been said in criticism of Haldeman and his book. Suppose, for instance, that Haldeman based his ostensibly speculative assertions and reconstructed conversations upon facts known to him or upon documents in his possession, disguising them in order to protect himself from new perjury charges of the kind that put him in jail. He had sworn to the Senate Watergate investigating committee, for example, that Nixon knew nothing about and had nothing to do with the Watergate burglary and the June 20 tapes erasure. If he now stated as fact that he knew to be true what he said at his trial and before congressional committees he knew to be untrue, he could be in serious trouble even if he claimed that he'd learned the truth after the events and after he testified under oath. His previously noted "reconstruction" of the June 20 conversation ends with a quotation of Nixon and is immediately followed by a sentence which is written as fact and begins: "And with those words, he (Nixon) began the discussion of public relations approaches . . . ."

This sequence and the style of the reconstructed portion could be taken to suggest at the least that Haldeman possesses and was writing from a transcript of the erased portion. It could suggest at most that Haldeman transcribed that part of the conversation, then erased it. I neither believe nor suggest that he did. But I have as much right to suggest it as he does to suggest without proof that Nixon did and knew things which Haldeman once swore Nixon didn't do and didn't know. With that said, we must intrude a tiresome qualification of the kind that Haldeman all too often omits. If Haldeman were as fearful of perjury charges as the foregoing reasoning suggests, he might have been expected to have his two Washington attorneys, Frank H. Strickler and John Wilson, review his manuscript. Strickler said on February 22 that he never saw and therefore could not have reviewed the



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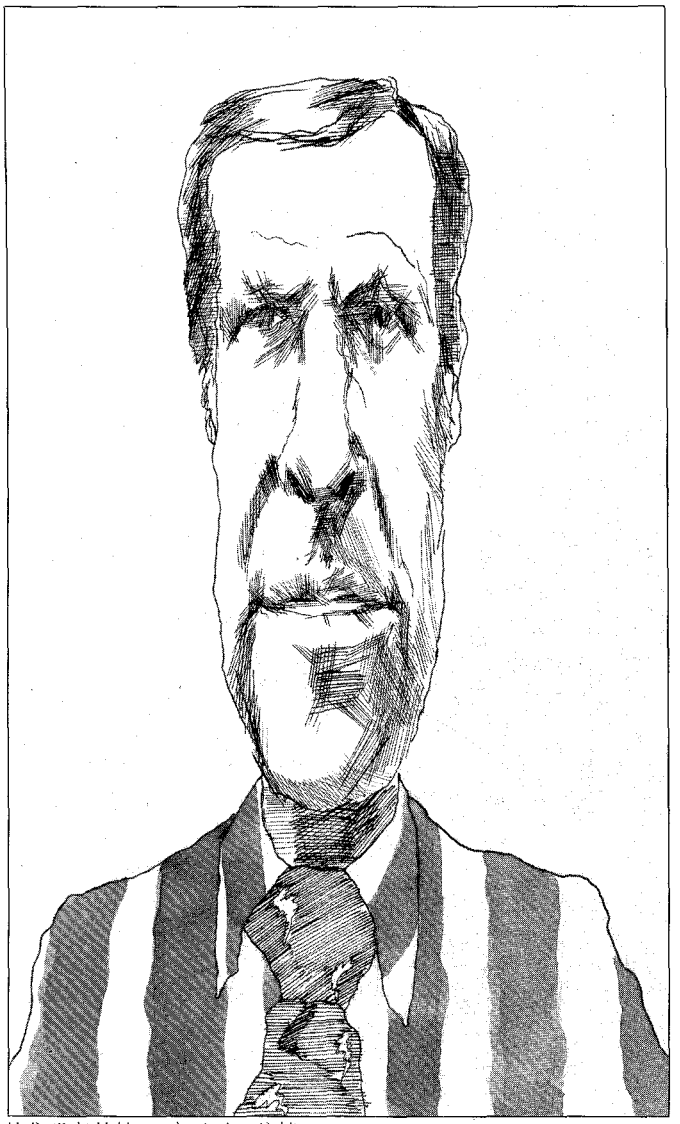

H. R. (Bob) Haldeman by Andras Goldinger

manuscript for legal or other reasons. He said: "I have no knowledge of anything like that and I can assure you that John Wilson didn't either."

Former Nixon assistants whom I respect and who are under no particular obligation to Haldeman say they cannot believe that Haldeman would be fool enough to fabricate anything that he knew to be untrue or would base any allegation only upon deduction. A low-level Nixon assistant who saw much of Haldeman and rose to middle level in the Ford White House said he was certain that assertions presented as speculation must have been derived from facts known to Haldeman and withheld for one reason or another. The senior of the two assistants quoted here had read syndicated newspaper excerpts from the book but not the whole book. He said the excerpts seemed to him to be "generally true" and were compatible with the atmosphere of the Nixon White House as he knew it.

Now we return to aspects of the book that would cause me to consider it a shabby piece of work even if everything to be said in Haldeman's favor were accepted as justified and relevant.

Haldeman says in his author's note that his approach compelled him to develop "what I called the 'devil's theory' of the Watergate case"—the devil's theory being the presumption that various somebodies and factions plotted and accomplished the ruin of Richard Nixon by means of Watergate. Haldeman's central conviction that Nixon did himself in with his orders to Colson, his long known and proven attempts to restrain the FBI investigation, and his knowledge and supervision of the attempt to conceal White House involvement in the whole Watergate mess—"the coverup"—from the day of the fatal break-in may seem hard to reconcile with the devil's theory. Haldeman doesn't try to reconcile them. He makes the utmost use of each of them. Two of his favored devils are the CIA and the Democratic Party command under Larry O'Brien. He adds two more, the press and a federal bureaucracy disillusioned, frightened and alienated by Nixon's demand after his reelection in 1972 for the resignations of all presidential appointees, including Cabinet heads, and his subsequent moves to reorganize the federal government by decree and dominate it from the White House. Neither of them is a new devil. But Haldeman argues with more skill and force than anyone else has that the stupid brutality of Nixon's post-election posture inclined many officials who might otherwise have supported him in his time of trouble to encourage and welcome his downfall. That's a plus for Haldeman and the book. Back to the minuses.

Like everyone else who has tried to blame the CIA for inciting the Watergate break-in and using its aftermath to destroy Nixon, Haldeman gets all muddled. He cites evidence that others have also cited. He asserts as fact that CIA "monitored" the original break-in and the White House efforts to conceal its part in that and other Watergate offenses. He suggests without directly asserting that CIA simultaneously sabotaged what it may have started and certainly welcomed. Toward the end of his book, after laboring through all this, he says he simply cannot believe that the CIA incited the Watergate burglary. But the silly position this contradiction puts him in is not what offends me. Haldeman cites Senator Howard Baker's suspicions that CIA had more to do with Watergate than had been known or admitted, and Baker's prolonged and publicized effort to substantiate his suspicions. Haldeman never mentions or alludes to Baker's conclusion in a minority report to the Senate Watergate committee: "I wish to state my belief that the sum total of the evidence does not substantiate a conclusion that the CIA per se was involved in the range of events and circumstances known as Watergate . . . An impartial evaluation . . . compels the conclusion that the CIA, as an institution, was not involved in the Watergate break-in." Baker does not question the involvement of CIA individuals—several unquestionably were involved—but Haldeman's suggestions and implied allegations go far beyond that.

For support of his suggestion, stated in a way



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amounting to assertion, that the Democratic high command knew in advance about the intention to break into the party headquarters and by doing nothing to prevent it in effect trapped Nixon's men into doing it, Haldeman relies largely upon the investigation conducted by the Senate Watergate committee's minority staff. The story is told by the chief of that staff, Fred Thompson, in a book entitled *At That Point in Time.* Haldeman summarized almost everything in Thompson's tale except the conclusion he drew from his efforts and those of two associates, Michael Madigan and Howard Liebengood. The conclusion: "We looked into an aspect of Watergate that had not been explored before—or since. Liebengood, Madigan and I all came to one conclusion: several people, including some at the Democratic headquarters, had advance knowledge of the Watergate break-in. But did we have proof—proof beyond a reasonable doubt? The answer, reluctantly, was no."

Tipsters promoting the book before it was published put about word that Haldeman asserted as fact—"charged" was the word used by gullible journalists—that the "Deep Throat" of Bob Woodward's and Carl Bernstein's *All the President's Men* was Fred Fielding, a Washington lawyer who was John Dean's assistant counsel at the Nixon White House. Haldeman characteristically doesn't "charge" anything in this connection. He says in the book that "I have my own candidate, based on my knowledge of what was going on at the time Deep Throat was feeding Woodward his stories. . . . His name is Fred Fielding . . . a shy, slightly prissy fellow." One of Woodward's most productive meetings with Deep Throat was said to have occured in a subterranean garage on January 24, 1974 (it made a wonderful scene in the movie version of *All the President's Men*). Fielding, outraged, has produced evidence in the form of his passport and other travel documents that he was traveling from Bogota, Bolivia to La Paz, Peru, on January 24. Here, for once, seemed to be proof positive that a Haldeman speculation could not be correct. Alas, a possible qualification must be noted. A Nixon-Ford assistant who was among the many who did their damndest and failed to identify Deep Throat says that one of the few things the investigators established beyond question was that Woodward and Bernstein concealed their man's identity with misquotations, misleading physical references and wrong dates of meetings with him. If the Nixon-Ford assistant is correct, Fielding's absence on that January 24 doesn't necessarily prove anything. (I continue to doubt that there was a single Deep Throat).

Haldeman describes a meeting soon after he was forced to resign with Ken Clawson, one of Colson's hitmen and Nixon's last Director of Communications. Haldeman depicts Clawson sitting on a couch at the Haldeman home and moaning, "I've got to tell somebody, Bob."

*Haldeman:* "What?"

*Clawson:* "Chuck Colson is blackmailing Nixon. He's got Nixon on the floor."

*Haldeman:* "What do you mean?"

*Clawson:* "Nixon didn't know that Colson was taping all of his telephone calls with Nixon before and after Watergate happened. He's got on tape just what Nixon said all through the whole Watergate mess."

Here was powerful support for Haldeman's belief that Nixon's concern for Colson hid a deeper concern for himself and a fear that his orders to Colson would be disclosed if Colson were implicated. Clawson says he remembers neither the meeting nor the conversation. He does remember that he never called Colson "Chuck;" he referred to him only as "Colson" or "Charlie." At that time I spent many hours in much talk with Clawson and I attest that I never heard him call Colson "Chuck", only "Colson" or "Charlie."

It is somehow fitting that the elaborate efforts to prevent premature publication—as if the book were a Top Secret CIA document—wound up as a sordid media comedy. Subsidiaries of *The New York Times* published the book and syndicated excerpts from it. *The Washington Post,* denied the excerpts because its afternoon rival, *The Washington Star,* had first grabs for them as a *New York Times* syndicate client, printed a front-page account of what it said was the last two thirds of the book five days before authorized publication of the excerpts was supposed to begin. Subscribing newspapers including the *Times* packed all of their excerpts into the next day's editions. The networks scrambled for illicit copies of the book. The *Times* said in an editorial that the *Post* got its scoop with "a second-rate burglary," presumably from the plant where the pages were bound. The *Post* said in an editorial that its scoop resulted from "first-rate enterprise;" maybe the *Times* was joking. It wasn't.

Haldeman in his author's note provided the best judgment of his book. "I am neither pleased nor proud," he wrote, "to be leaving this political literary heritage to my sons and daughters."

Or did he write that line? He had a professional collaborator, Joseph DiMona, who according to Haldeman's few references to him was more researcher and checker than co-author. A news study in the *Times* suggests that DiMona wrote most of the published version from masses of dictated and—again fittingly—taped notes.

**Coming:**
Michael Harrington
on the
Eurosocialist Alternative



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None of the President's options is inviting, but seizure seems likely.

# Carter's Coal Conundrum

## by Eliot Marshall

"I think the President must do whatever he needs to do," Senator Howard Baker said last week, speaking of the deadlocked national coal talks. It was a characteristic remark, reflecting the boldness and originality we have come to expect of the Minority Leader. Baker has a special flair for capturing last week's platitude and repeating it.

By Washington's birthday, the view that Carter should do something, and do it now, had become settled wisdom in the nation's capital. Everyone, including Howard Baker, agreed that the coal strike gave the President the perfect occasion for acting presidential. Why not seize the opportunity? "Do it," the chorus chanted. Jimmy Carter listened, stepped on stage—then thought better of it and stepped down again. At this writing he is still pondering options.

Neither the chorus nor the President seemed to have a clear idea of what actually had to be done. As Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall put it, "None of the options that we have available to us are [sic] preferable to negotiated settlement" between the miners and the coal companies. To intervene in a bitter argument such as this, one must inevitably produce a solution that offends one side or the other. The President does not like to choose sides.

At the heart of the dispute lies one of the oldest problems in the coal industry, the wildcat strike. The companies see it as a special curse fixed uniquely and cruelly on them. They are embarrassed to be the most strike-ridden industry in the US. Their vision of Utopia is of a land where miners go down the shaft when they are told, stay down all day, work quietly and productively until the time is up and then go home, never disrupting the steady black flow from the pit to the train to the furnace. American miners have never fulfilled this vision. Although the companies—and the union itself—have tried to teach them to be docile, the miners have never learned the lesson. When they are unhappy, they walk off the job.

Mine strikes are more potent than other wildcat walkouts because miners abide by tradition. In Appalachia, tradition is clear and exact on the subject of strikes: decent people don't cross picket lines. If tradition seems weak, the miners sometimes brace it up with modern reminders. People who cross picket lines are not only called scabs; they also attract bombs and bullets. In addition, strikes in Appalachia are different because they can be an outlet for frustrations that have nothing to do with the mine being struck. They serve as a form of community protest in a land where the highest authority is King Coal. The union may have a national policy of discouraging such strikes, but in fact it cannot stop them. This is a source of endless annoyance to the company managers, who harbor the notion that if only they could find the right weapon, they could wallop the miners into a more submissive attitude.

The companies have attacked the wildcat problem in different ways over the years, with little success. The contract proposal under discussion this year represents one of the most vigorous assaults ever attempted. The Bituminous Coal Operators Association (BCOA), the bargaining agent for 130 union mines, printed a small pamphlet on the subject last fall before negotiations began. In it the BCOA put its case for ending wildcat strikes, written expressly for miners. The BCOA asserted that "This year is a threshold year for labor relations . . . This agreement must help restore stabili-

"Portrait of a Miner" by Philip Evergood



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ty and improved productivity in coal." It sounded a patriotic note: coal production must be increased by six percent a year to satisfy the President's "national energy goal." And then the point: "A coal industry that must produce 1.0 to 1.2 billion tons of coal simply does not have the capacity to make up lost production because of wildcat strikes." In conclusion: "We must reach an agreement that brings labor stability . . . that permits a turnaround in the productivity curve . . . that permits us to wipe out any vestige of featherbedding. . . ." Failure to do these things, the booklet suggested, would bring about the "decline and possible extinction" of the union.

The BCOA seems to have churned out a good deal of propaganda before the strike. It is clear from this and from the tenacity with which the BCOA has held onto anti-wildcat clauses in the negotiations that it hoped to accomplish a revolution in the coal fields. It fully intended to do away with wildcats.

The company negotiators asked the union to cooperate in this plan by signing a contract that would impose drastic economic penalties on any miner who walked out on an unauthorized strike. Arnold Miller, president of the United Mineworkers of America, agreed. On February 6, he put his name on a tentative contract that would have given the companies the right to "discipline employees who cause or engage in unauthorized work stoppages," deduct $20 a day from an employee's wages for every day he spent on a wildcat strike, suspend health benefits for employees who walk out for more than 10 days, put miners to work on Sundays for the first time and create new "incentive plans" to spur productivity. Wages were increased by $2.35 an hour over three years, so that eventually the top pay would be about $10 an hour.

Arnold Miller was ready to sign, but he quickly discovered that his union was not. Union by-laws require that the contract be approved by an elected bargaining council and later by the miners themselves. The proposal went no farther than the bargaining council, which voted 30-6 to reject it. Copies of the agreement leaked to rank-and-file union members, and they leaned on the bargaining council to veto the document. One common complaint was that Miller had thrown away the miners' right to strike.

When some former colleagues of Miller's were asked about the fiasco, they attributed the confusion to Miller's personal incompetence. Miller gets bad advice, one said. Another said that Miller just isn't in touch with his own union, doesn't know how to speak for its members and isn't able to persuade them that he is acting in their best interests. He is, by all accounts, an inept leader. His support within the union is so low at this point that a petition to remove him from office, which has been circulating for many months, could succeed in doing just that in the next few weeks. How can President Carter intervene in such a muddled situation and hope to accomplish anything?

The BCOA has suggested that the miners and the companies should be asked to turn their dispute over to a triumvirate of arbitrators. Whatever the arbitrators decide would be binding. In the interim, the BCOA said, while the bickering continues, the miners should be asked to return to work. One of the bargaining council members, Kenneth Dawes, claiming to speak for a majority of miners, rejected the idea the day it was brought up. Arnold Miller also rejected it. The BCOA plan for arbitration probably would fail for the same reasons that make other temporary measures unattractive. When Appalachian miners go out on strike, they traditionally stay out until a new contract has been signed. This year, they have already held out longer than the coal companies anticipated. And they appear determined to wait until the bitter end.

The Taft-Hartley Act permits the President to send strikers back to work before a contract is signed, as would the BCOA proposal. However, it doesn't guarantee that the miners will do any labor. They cannot be coerced. President Truman confronted UMWA president John L. Lewis with similar forced-work threats in the 1940s, and Lewis answered: "Let Truman dig coal with his bayonets." The miners are without a leader now, but they feel the same way about government orders as they did in the '40s. If Carter tried to herd the miners back to the pits at gunpoint, he would probably create a more serious crisis than he faces now. There would undoubtedly be some violence.

Truman's showdown with John Lewis, it should be recalled, took place in a very different atmosphere. The government had already seized the mines during the war. In order to avoid shutdowns and production delays, it had signed contracts directly with the miners, giving them benefits more generous than the companies would have agreed to. The confrontation of 1946 occured when Lewis charged that the government had violated the terms of its contract. It was a contest between two powerful men in charge of two well-run political machines. Public opinion was solidly against the miners. And Truman won in the end by imposing fines and threatening to bankrupt the union. Today, the UMWA is already bankrupt and nearly broken. Carter would win no points by sending the troops to do battle with a chaotic and insubordinate band of miners.

This leads to the conclusion that Carter really has no choice. If he is forced to intervene, he probably will not act to club miners into submission, but rather to concede something to them that the BCOA itself would not give up. The balance of power has tipped in the miners' favor, and any quick settlement would have to recognize that fact. The miners seem better able to wait out the crisis than does the rest of the country. Indeed, several corporations desperate for fresh coal supplies have begun to lean on the coal operators to give in. One reason the President asked the BCOA and the miners



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to negotiate at the White House was that Carter had begun to hear from corporate executives and governors in coal-burning industrial states that the situation was perilous. At first the BCOA refused Carter's invitation. Then the Secretary of Labor told the BCOA that the President was prepared to go on television and denounce the companies for their "outrageous" refusal to bargain. They quickly gave in. But the negotiations that followed have accomplished nothing.

Coal-dependent industries like the car and steel manufacturers have started to make emergency power cutbacks. Some workers have been laid off and electricity is being cut back in some cities. Although coal stockpiles have not been depleted, they are running so low that mandatory conservation rules have been put into effect. Coal will continue to be in short supply even after the miners return to work, because it takes weeks to put idle mines and machines back in order and replenish the delivery pipeline. This makes it particularly important that the miners go back with the intention of doing a productive job, for if they are merely pushed back into the mines, they will resist, stall and do as little as possible.

If the President does make a decisive move, therefore, he is most likely to seize the mines. Under this arrangement, the government would become a temporary owner and sign a contract that would satisfy the mineworkers. In time the mines would be returned to the companies. Some mine owners have called this a socialist alternative, but in fact the government has no other route open to it at the moment. Anyone who hotly urges the President to do something about the mine strike should be prepared to support the mine seizure bill, for Carter has not other choice.

Is Connie Mulder the man of the eleventh hour?

# Slender Hopes In South Africa

## by Benjamin Pogrund

*Johannesburg*

Always looking for a reason to hope, optimists think they detect a faint new possibility of movement toward peaceful racial change in the appointment last month of Dr. Connie Mulder as Minister of Bantu Administration, the new overlord of black affairs. Mulder is leader of the ruling White National Party in Transvaal province, where the party is at its strongest. This makes him a powerful political figure, second only to Prime Minister John Vorster himself. He would almost certainly take over as prime minister if Vorster were to leave office; he is openly referred to as the Crown Prince.

Before taking on his new post, Mulder was Minister of the Interior and of Information (and he retains the latter portfolio). At first sight, his record in these two areas hardly seems to justify hope. In the Interior ministry he was responsible for new laws extending censorship of books, magazines, plays and films, whether indigenous or whether from abroad, and for eliminating appeals to the courts against decisions of the censors. He also refused and revoked passports—which in South Africa is done without reason being given—on the same scale as previous Interior ministers, the refusal of visas to foreigners also continued at the same high rate as before, averaging 1800 per year. Those denied entry included such distinguished American Africa specialists as Professor Gwendolen M. Carter of Indiana University and Thomas Karis of Columbia.

In the Information job, Mulder adopted an aggressive approach with the accent on direct confrontation with government critics abroad, and derision of the world for applying double standards on human rights. So aggressive were his officials—and offensive too—that at times they appeared to be competing with the Foreign Affairs ministry in representing the government abroad.

In his public utterances, Mulder has consistently emerged as a hardline Afrikaner Nationalist, dedicated to the preservation of white privilege and security, to Afrikaner rule and to orthodox Nationalist doctrines on separate development. Indeed it is his image as a

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rightwinger which earned him the leadership of the Transvaal party and which has kept him there. The way to stardom in the National Party is to be tougher and more unyielding than anyone else—and Mulder has

Connie Mulder by Anne Pogrund

cultivated this notion of himself. His physical presence also conveys the idea of the sort of strength that appeals to Afrikaners. He's a large, fleshy man who walks in quick strides and speaks fast. His heavy hands are those of a farmer—a direct link with the agricultural roots of the Afrikaner people.

Yet those who know Mulder say that, despite his ideological commitment, he is shrewd and pragmatic. It is said that, behind his public posture of rigidity and conformity, he has an acute sense that South Africa is drifting toward racial confrontation and catastrophe. Despite his extensive refusal of passports and visas, there are South Africans to whom he has restored the right to travel; at least some foreigners, previously denied entry, have had their cases reversed after approaches to Mulder. His work in information and his travels abroad have given him an understanding of the world which many of his cabinet colleagues lack.

In addition, several of his initial statements in his new portfolio offer encouragement to optimists. He has spoken in ways which are nothing short of astonishing for a Nationalist cabinet minister, especially one whose immediate predecessor, M.C. Botha, was notable as a stern and dour ideologist, inflexibly imposing Nationalist policies on blacks. Mulder began by announcing that he intends changing the name of his department. "Bantu", the term used for the black peoples of equatorial and southern Africa, has been corrupted by the Nationalists as a means of avoiding using "African." "Bantu" is despised by most blacks and is viewed as a symbol of white oppression. The word has been a particular target during disturbances in Soweto, and now Mulder is searching for a new way to describe his own function.

Mulder also has spoken out about the "pass" laws, the most hated of all apartheid measures to blacks. Every black adult must carry a pass—or reference book, as it is officially called. It is the basic means of controlling where blacks can live and work. Blacks must carry their pass at all times; failure to produce it on demand by a policeman can lead to summary arrest and prosecution. In 1975, there were 386,000 prosecutions under the various aspects of the pass laws—nearly 1000 a day, Sundays and holidays included. This accounted for a staggering 28.3 percent of the total number of criminal cases tried in the country that year. Mulder now says that he believes blacks should not have to show their passes "to every policeman who stops them in the street." Instead, they should be subject to the same treatment as whites with regard to the carrying of identity documents—which, effectively, would mean the removal of penal sanctions for failure to produce documents on demand.

Mulder also has gone against the Nationalist credo that blacks are happy and contented by listing what he calls "friction points" in Soweto, the huge township outside Johannesburg which is the apartheid home for 1.25 million-plus blacks. Drawing on a survey carried out by his Information ministry, he refers to the whole range of existence—housing, salaries, social services and facilities, education, economic mobility, joint say in licenses, local affairs and finally, political participation in national politics. "We will give attention to these matters, in the order of preference the blacks attach to them," he says. "I am planning to launch a five-year plan in terms of which we will pursue these aims and endeavor to rectify these matters. I know, and everyone knows, these matters cost money. However, one does not achieve much without paying for it."

To those who yearn for hope of change, words like these hold out the promise of a new deal in South Africa, one which could go a long way toward meeting black grievances and demands, and do much to satisfy the country's overseas critics. Unfortunately whatever Mulder's intentions, there must be grave worries about how far he can actually go. For the overriding reality, which he himself has stressed, is that everything must still be done within the confines of Nationalist ideology—of the separate development policy which is apartheid on a grand scale. This starts by postulating that blacks do not belong in the "white" cities; they are "temporary sojourners," to remain there for only as long as their labor is needed by the whites. The fact that this is an insane fiction hasn't thus far deterred the



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government from trying to enforce it, at immense cost in human suffering and in money. While this fundamental tenet is applied, it is difficult to see how normal rights can be extended to blacks, whether it be freedom of movement, freedom to seek work, or freedom to own land. Instead, blacks are required to become citizens of one of the nine or ten independent tribal mini-states, the Bantustans, which are being created. Transkei and BophuthaTswana are the first two to have achieved this status and the process of stripping blacks of their South African citizenship is well underway. "We are being robbed of our birthright," is how the Zulu leader, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, describes it.

Separate development also requires the tightest possible control over the flow of blacks to the cities, both to meet ideology and to prevent the undesirable social results of wholesale movement from the largely poverty-stricken black rural areas to the brightly lighted cities where at least the prospect of employment exists. Passes are the means of keeping this flow in check and it is difficult to see how the system can be radically altered without ditching cherished Nationalist beliefs. It is in the name of apartheid, too, that townships like Soweto exist: segregated, rudimentary, and placed well outside cities, towns and villages. This creates transport problems because extended and expensive rail and road links are needed to carry black workers to and from their jobs in white-owned factories, offices, shops and homes.

And basic to all is the fact that nothing the Nationalists do is undertaken with the concurrence of blacks. They are deprived of any say, except in their apartheid mini-states. They do as the whites say—which is what Mulder's Department of Bantu Administration is all about. Where consultation does take place in the cities it is through a form of advisory boards which have no real power and whose wishes need not be heeded by the government. A new system of such bodies, called community councils, is now being developed. The people of Soweto dramatically showed their rejection of this system on February 1, nominating day for the new council. A mere 29 candidates offered themselves for the 30 wards. Eight of the wards did not even draw candidates. The people who might really represent black thinking are in jail, including some 50 community leaders detained under arbitrary decree since last October and more than an estimated 700 held incommunicado by the security police. Others are in exile or live under banning orders which severely restrict their personal liberties. Others are simply too frightened to say or do much. So a major question will be: who will Mulder consult in seeking to work with blacks? Depressingly, he has already said that while his door is open to "elected" leaders he is not prepared to deal with "self-appointed" people or groups. Apart from this, events in South Africa could, of course, move so swiftly that the whole argument as to whether and how whites should consult with blacks could be rendered academic.

The new Minister also has the daunting task of persuading his own Afrikaner people that changes must be made rapidly and that the necessary money must be spent. Even though South Africa's riches come from a combination of white and black endeavors, most whites view government funds as "white man's money" so that it becomes an act of grace and charity to spend on meeting black needs. The Nationalist leadership, Mulder included, has successfully drawn wider and wider white support during its nearly 30 years in office by playing up to white racial prejudice and fear. The job of putting this into reverse, at any time difficult, is made immeasurably more so at this stage with the looming threat to white privilege of growing black demands at home and from abroad.

Going with this, the entire thrust of government policy and action is currently both to enforce separate development ever more rigorously and to act ever more harshly against opponents of the policy. Indeed, within days of taking over, Mulder introduced into Parliament a bill to permit the detention of unemployed blacks in the cities—the sort of wide-ranging, authoritarian law that has become the hallmark of the Nationalists. With South Africa in the grip of economic recession, a government survey has found that there are 634,000 unemployed blacks—12.4 percent of the economically active black population. Even this high figure is open to challenge because unofficial estimates put the number of jobless blacks at anything from one to two million. The new bill provides that "idle Bantu"—blacks who are without jobs for more than 122 days in any calendar year, and it need not be consecutive days—face arrest. They can then be compulsorily sent to a "rehabilitation center" or "farm colony" in the rural areas or any other institution approved or established under the country's Prisons Act. Or they can be ordered to do prescribed labor at a rural settlement or village. Whether Mulder persists in seeking this legislation will be a test of his general intentions.

Looking at the overall picture, there seems limited hope for substantial moves in new directions. On the other hand, Mulder has been saying some encouraging things, and optimists reason that change, once started, can become self-generating. The *Rand Daily Mail* commented editorially that "Perhaps, in coming face to face with . . . practical problems, Dr. Mulder will be brought to the point of having to reassess the whole nature of Nationalist ideology as a means of securing racial peace. Therein lies the greatest hope of all in his appointment as Minister of Bantu Administration."

The hope is a slender one. But as things now stand in South Africa—with the deepening gulf between black and white, with white determination to hold out come what may, with black anger growing apace—it is a hope which must be seized.



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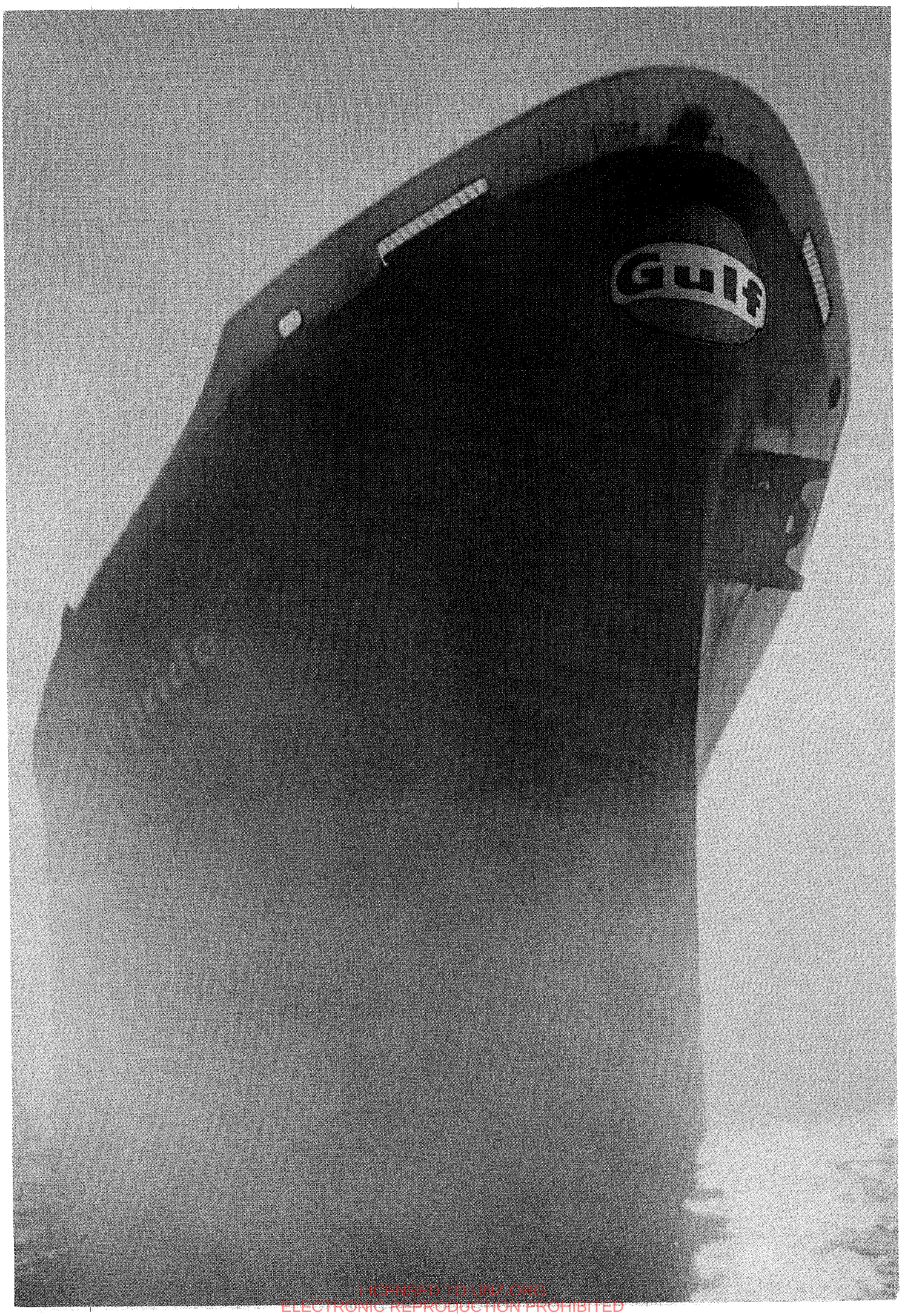


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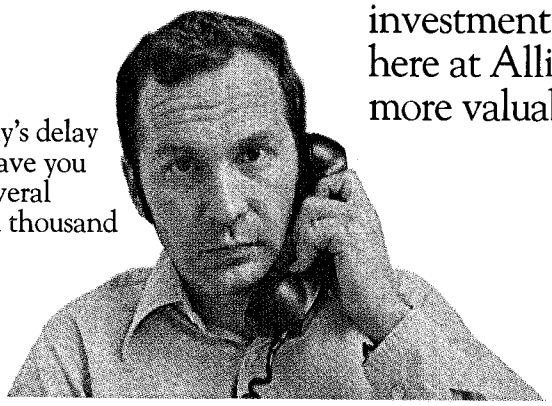
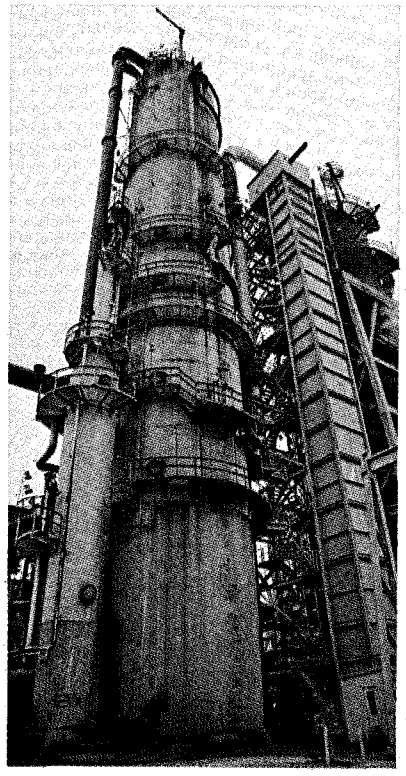
"It's a real challenge—but that's the job: meeting the challenge, and doing it right."

Gulf

**Gulf people: meeting the challenge.**



"One day's delay could leave you short several hundred thousand barrels."



"You have to refine different crudes different ways to get the same product."

Gulf Oil Corporation

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# Arts and Lives

## Stanley Kauffmann on films

### Far from Vietnam

One Sunday morning late in 1974 I went to a small screening room in New York to see *Introduction to the Enemy* (*TNR*, Feb. 1, '75), a documentary that chronicled a visit to North Vietnam earlier that year by Jane Fonda, her husband Tom Hayden, and the cinematographer Haskell Wexler. Fonda was at the screening and spoke after the film, simply and affectingly. At that time the US had withdrawn combat troops from Vietnam but was still actively supporting a war to keep the corrupt South Vietnamese government in power. *Introduction*, as I noted, could be watched as warily as possible for omissions and emphases and still leave one convinced of the strength and spirit of the North Vietnamese and the wrongness of the continuing US support for the south.

If there is one film out of recent American experience that one could say was waiting to be made and that now could be made, it is a full-length fiction film with Jane Fonda on the Vietnam war. We've all known for some time that such a film was en route, with Wexler as cinematographer; special expectations, unlike those for any other film I can remember, attached to it. The expectations were not overly specific—the film could have dealt with any aspect of the terrible Vietnam decade, toward the end of clarification through art or adequate memorial through art—but the hopes were high. Now the film is here, and in virtually every way it's a severe disappointment.

Advance publicity told us that, in *Coming Home* (UA), Fonda was playing a Marine captain's wife. It was possible, on that slender foundation, to build three or four different scenarios. Obviously it was not Fonda's responsibility to fulfill any of those private scenarios, but, in the most complimentary sense, it was her responsibility that one imagined them. What *is* her responsibility is that, after her public activity in the Vietnam years, after our rightful expectations of her, the Vietnam film she chose to appear in is a wobbly sentimental triangle drama that could, essentially, have been about the War of 1812.

It's just one more story about a wife who gets entangled with another man while her husband is away. Everything in the script that is contemporary is mere updating of that perennial story. Language is rough. The lover is a Vietnam veteran with paralyzed legs. (In World War One stories they preferred blindness.) The first sexual encounter is frank; in this day they were not going to leave us wondering too much about how a paralyzed man has sex (unlike Brando and Teresa Wright in *The Men* in 1950). The husband is "modernised" with some obscure mental kinks. Instead of being pure gung-ho, he is browned off by combat and is particularly bitter because he comes home with (he says) an accidentally self-inflicted wound in his leg. When he finds out about his wife's affair, he threatens killing—of whom it's not clear. But he collapses, apparently because he's not a valid hero, and then walks into the Pacific like Norman Maine in (the first two versions of) *A Star Is Born*. Underneath the chic sex-and-psychology window-dressing, it's patently stale stuff.

Nothing in Fonda's character or drama is connected with the Vietnam war as such. At a meeting of officers' wives about their base newsletter, Fonda wants to put in some material about conditions at the veterans' hospital where she does volunteer work and is shocked when the other wives want to concentrate on cheeriness. That's about all. Otherwise the film pays a little homage to its context: an opening improvised scene of disabled veterans playing pool in the hospital during which one man says he has to believe the war was worthwhile to make his injuries worthwhile; the FBI tailing the paraplegic lover to his meetings with Fonda after he has chained himself to the Marine depot gate in protest against the slaughter; an outburst at the end by the paraplegic to a high-school audience. This outburst, like his previous protest, is non-political; it concentrates on combat horror (something like Lew Ayres's speech to the boys of his old school in *All Quiet on the Western Front* in 1930). The script by Waldo Salt, who did the screenplay of *Midnight Cowboy*, and by Robert C. Jones—original story by Nancy Dowd—is naked of political comment. Any opposition to the war, and there is relatively little, deals with the killing and maiming. I'm not exactly dismissing those as trivial: I point out that the particularized objections of Fonda and many others of us to the Vietnam War, as distinct from objections to the horror of any war, were political and moral—the latter being the morality that cannot be neatly split off from political decisions if the world is to avoid relapse into jungle solipsisms. This picture, starring the most noted political activist of the stage/screen world in the Vietnam decade, has no wisp of political comment clinging to it. It is—the word must be used—safe.

Hal Ashby's direction, which was good in *The Last Detail* and flashy in *Shampoo* and dullish in *Bound for Glory*, is stiff and unimaginative here. I've rarly seen a Big Scene handled more ineptly than the one in which the maddened husband, bayoneted rifle in hand, faces wife and lover. Nothing was linked; the three people seemed to be hanging in space individually, especially Fonda.

Fonda's performance seems—and I admit this may be my projection—crimped by the role's careful sterilization. There's nothing much more than Jane Wyman pertness at the start, to

### Films Worth Seeing

*Blue Collar*. Paul Schrader's script about Detroit auto workers shifts gears gratingly, but his direction makes their world vivid.

*Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Sensorily stunning. The god from the machine—not the space machine but film technology.

*Saturday Night Fever*. Good portrait of a separate city within New York. John Travolta is sharply dressed lightning.

*The Turning Point*. The plot is suds. The dancing, by Mikhail Baryshnikov and other ballet figures, makes it float.

**SK**



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which is later added some Elissa Landi soul. I choose '30s references because, under the '68 trappings, a perennial movie-movie is what *Coming Home* is.

Bruce Dern is good, yet again, as the psyched-out captain and husband, but he's beginning to make a career of psyching out—he played something of the same role in *Black Sunday*. He's a gifted and versatile actor, and I hope he doesn't turn into a producer of a product, like Clint Eastwood—you see the name on the program and you know what you're going to get.

The only harpoons in the picture are sunk by Jon Voight as the paraplegic veteran. Voight is immediately strong and important from the first sight of him on his stomach on the hospital stretcher paddling himself along with two stout canes. He never stops cutting *in*. What an odd career Voight is having. His last film was *The Odessa File* (1974), and he made some poor choices before that, though he himself was usually excellent. I can't quite say that in *Coming Home* he erases memories of Brando in *The Men*, the comparison that Voight surely anticipated; but then, whatever *The Men* may be as a whole, Brando had a lot of good scenes to play and Voight has very few. I don't know what he's doing with his life, but I certainly wish he'd do more acting with it.

*The Boys in Company C* (Columbia). A Vietnam picture that is not a disappointment. From its title on, there was nothing to expect.

It was directed by Sidney J. Furie who wrote the script with Rick Natkin, and, if you can stand the surprise, it's about a bunch of Marine trainees—there is, I swear, even a kid from Brooklyn—who are whipped into shape by two drill sergeants who are tough because they really love these kids and want to equip them to take care of themselves in Nam.

A few up-to-date touches: pot gets smoked and traded in Nam; there's a suggestion of prisoner-torture (but by nasty South Vietnamese, not by Yanks); there's a sour-*M*A*S*H* whiff in the captain who insists that they all play soccer to get used to guerrilla tactics. The protagonist, insofar as there is one, is a criminal who gets straightened out by sharing the sufferings of his pals. (More up-to-dateness: he's black.) But it's all just one more let's-go-gang war picture.

Revisionism about Vietnam is in the air. Careful historians are going to prove (I do not doubt) that many allegations of American war crimes were exaggerated and some were baseless; and because they will be able to prove that violations of Articles of War and Geneva Conventions were relatively few, they will conclude that America was guilty of nothing more than political insensitivities and shortsighted tactics. Another irony and, on the popular level, a more effective moral laundering would be the conversion of the Vietnam quagmire into just one more seedbed for guts-and-glory war movies.

# John Canaday on art

## Duane Hanson

The standard response to the Whitney Museum's current exhibition of hyperrealistic sculptures by Duane Hanson is that it is "great fun," a shortsighted and unperceptive response to an artist who can be called "entertaining" only in the sense that Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, and Edgar Lee Masters were "good reading" when they made their indictments of American society. Two generations later, the Hanson exhibition could be called *Main Street* or *Winesburg, Ohio*, or *Spoon River-Revisited*. Like American society in general, Hanson's types are highly urbanized, but they remain as provincial as the citizens of Gopher Prairie in 1920, as lonely and frustrated in their secret lives as the small-towners of Winesburg and Spoon River.

In the second decade of this century when those three American classics were written (and let's add to them Edwin Arlington Robinson's early poems about the citizens of Tilbury Town), television was unheard of, radio


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was in its infancy, cellophane had not replaced waxed paper as the wrapping for cigarettes, and people were clothed in natural fibers although something that would later be called rayon was about to appear on the market. (It was invented in England in 1918.) Electric light meant incandescent bulbs, not fluorescent tubes; soap and water were the miracle cleaners of the day; refrigerators were literally iceboxes, and the corner grocery had not been swallowed up by something called a supermarket. Yet in spite of all these changes, in spite of instant information in TV and radio news capsules, in spite of wonder drugs and wonder cleaners and wonder fabrics, nothing very wonderful has happened to the third-generation descendants of personalities like the Widow Bogart and Miniver Cheevy. As Hanson shows them, they remain spiritual provincials for all their citification, lonely in the crowd instead of lonely in their isolation. The difference is that they are beset by a new unease. Something inside them nags them with a persistent but unformulated question: "What's the matter with you, that you have all the things TV commercials tell you make life wonderful, and your life is no good?"

Hanson casts his figures from life, in sections, and then assembles them with whatever modifications he wants to make, paints them, and gives them wigs, clothes, and such accessories as sun glasses and wristwatches as are appropriate, all to realistic effects so uncanny that it is easy to imagine his sculptures breathing. This sounds like waxworks; there must never have been a review of a Duane Hanson show that hasn't mentioned Madame Tussaud, or a visitor who hasn't had to look twice at some of the sculptures to recognize them as sculptures instead of real people, or hasn't been surprised when what he thought was a sculptured spectator has come alive and moved on to the next location. All of this entertaining, but to stop here is to miss the whole point of what Hanson is doing.

Unfortunately the Whitney seems to have missed this point altogether, and has installed the show to emphasize its waxworks character. A figure of a museum guard is placed where you would expect a museum guard to stand. Much laughter when visitors go up to him to ask questions. (At Madame Tussaud's the same kind of gag role used to be played by the effigy of a ticket taker in a booth at the entrance to the galleries.) Even worse, one of Hanson's most affecting sculptures, *Rita*, a potential Juno serving out her life as waitress in a cheap restaurant, has been placed in the museum's cafeteria. It would have been better to have omitted this major piece from the exhibition than to have exploited its entertainment value in this way.

The relationship between mere illusionistic trickery and serious art is

"Rita" (1975) by Duane Hanson

simply that of means and end, and has a long history beginning with contemporary accounts of ancient Greek paintings now lost, and all observable in existing works from the 15th century on—Mantegna's illusionistic vault and circular balustrade opening to the sky on the flat ceiling of the Camera degli Sposi in Mantua; Correggio's dome in Parma, painted out so that the heavens open up and we see swarms of angels flying above us; Veronese's frescoes in the Villa Maser, where non-existent doors on solid walls open onto non-existent other rooms and landscapes. Among innumerable baroque deceptions there are Bernini's *Ecstasy of St. Theresa* where tons of marble seem to float like gossamer in a gentle breeze, or, earlier, Palladio's *Teatro Olimpico* in Vicenza where, within the depth of a few feet, avenues of palaces ornamented with sculptures seem to radiate from the center of the stage back to the horizon. Wonderful tricks all, but tricks as means to ends, whether the end is the representation of miracle, the extension of architectual space, or, as in the Veronese murals, frank playfulness.

Illusionism in independent sculptures (rather than sculptures incorporated within architectural schemes) is rare outside waxworks, and has never been pushed as far as Hanson pushes it—which is all the way—as an expressive means. The closest examples are those 17th and early 18th-century Spanish Christs and martyred saints with their glass eyes, real hair wigs and eyelashes, real loin cloths or robes and, where appropriate, real accessories to agony such as real nails in Christ's feet and hands, a real gridiron for St. Laurence to be roasted on, and real arrows protruding from St. Sebastian's torso. The illusionistic element is strong, but it is secondary to the end it serves, which is not to deceive, but to intensify.

Which is exactly what Hanson does. His intensification is less obvious because he is dealing with everyday subjects that would be reduced to caricature if he allowed himself the degree of exaggeration employed by the Spaniards to bring the faithful into the presence of miracle. Hanson's objective, like that of other members of the current hyper-realist movement, is to bring us into the presence of the ordinary, to confront us with familiar material isolated in a way that forces us to see it with an intensity that habit has dulled in our daily contexts. Hanson's parallel in hyper-realist painting is Chuck Close, who paints ordinary faces pore by pore and hair by hair enlarged to giant size in a way that forces us to explore the human countenance as if we had never been over that territory.

In his early work (only 10 years ago) Hanson dealt with bloody and violent subjects—riots, street accidents, corpses in Vietnam, derelicts dying on sidewalks—where the Spanish preoccupation with agony was recalled. After that came satires on the foibles of American life, the baton twirlers, the nightclub bunnies, the gaping American tourists abroad. But his latest work, beginning in 1975, avoids both sensationalism and satire to explore the martyrdoms of ordinary people. Their symbols are not nails and gridirons and arrows, but the waitress's tray and wipe-cloth, the weary middle-aged couple's shopping bags, a tired old porter's handcart. An old man seated in a folding chair needs no symbols but only the evidence of his worn hands, decayed face and bent shoulders to tell us what the bad side of old age can be in today's version of the best of all possible worlds.



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One critic has pointed out, to Hanson's disadvantage, that Daumier's similar subjects drawn from the daily life of the little people of his time are treated with a compassion that recognizes the essential nobility of even the commonest man. It is true that Daumier did this, but I do not see why Hanson should be required to respect a romantic ideal that has got our century into so much trouble. Hanson is less a humanist than a sociologist. He is not commenting on mankind in Daumier's universal terms; his theme is not mankind at all, but the nature of the society in which we live. He calls up its victims as witnesses for the prosecution—and powerful witnesses they are.

# Poetry for Profit

There isn't big money in poetry, but there is dignity, and it permits eccentricity, letter-writing, and suicide.

Next to doctors, poets have the highest rate, but nobody profits from it such as wife, daughter, or old mother, as poets hate insurance. As for money, everybody knows that there is no longer any such thing as a big order of it, all money is little, it is impossible to find somebody who is not a millionaire and afraid to buy a car because gasoline is so expensive.

But there is the other side to the situation—a man discovers foot transportation. What's more, it works. Many millionaires find that walking as far as four miles just to see what's new at the Salvation Army Thrift Shop in Toledo, for instance, is something actually very nearly like an adventure, and going home in the jacket of a Confederate Corporal that took only 25 cents out of that million dollars gives the man an opportunity to guess who died in it, and how the small people, the little bastards as they are sometimes referred to by mean millionaires, are taking to the Confederate posture and walk that come with the gray uniform, no charge.

Let'em look and snicker, but who's got the full cool million dollars (me), and who's got only half a million (they).

Just *writing* a poem for a real poet is getting it all, fame and something far better than money, for it is the mark of a cheap poet to have his poems published, paid for, and actually read.

That's commercial poetry, and the next thing is to do business through an agent, such as Mr. Nixon's, and to hire out to films, television, and special material for stunned has-been clowns going on 77, but not yet satisfied enough to take a peppermint and call it a full meal.

In Paris, unlike in Toledo, the Salvation Army is called Salut du Armée, or something like that, and there doesn't seem to be a Thrift Shop, although if there were how pleasant it would be to pay no more than two thousand five hundred francs for Clemenceau's cloak mistakenly not consigned to the Military Museum but thrown out by perhaps a spurned downstairs maid in 1917, long before the winning of the War, even—but there inside the inside pocket of the cloak where a label is traditionally placed is neatly inscribed in red indelible ink a message, in French very probably, This famous cloak was worn by France itself in the person of Clemenceau—see his statue across from the Petit Palais.

If there is no Paris Salvation Army Thrift Shop, where do the French send their discards? They don't send them. They don't discard them. There are generations of sensible French millionaires trying to wear out Clemenceau's cloak.

I mention the Salvation Army in Toledo because not long ago I got a fan letter from a reader in that great city who told me he likes to scribble a little himself—but not for money, and that he enjoys walking and buying stuff at the Salvation Army Thrift Shop.

The rest of it I invented, because it's convenient. Why doctors commit suicide so frequently is not too hard to understand—they hate suffering—but why poets do is anybody's guess. Could be because of six of one and half a dozen of another if that makes any sense at all to anybody, and I certainly hope so, as loud sensitive Jack Leonard used to holler in his comic turn at the Palace, at a table in Lindy's, or on Ed Sullivan's famous Sunday night TV show, after which, smiling in total misunderstanding, Ed would say to Jack, Be sure to say hello to Charles de Gaulle. The reason for that was that the saying of the name, Charles de Gaulle, seemed to suit Ed's particular mouth and particular style of speech—indecisive, that is.

But what a star, as Walter Winchell used to say: he points, and for that he has the most popular show on TV. Rivalry and jealousy, although Winchell did not mean that he had even less TV talent than Sullivan, he meant there is no justice if you don't have Mr. Nixon's agent or Mr. Nixon's reputation for smiling integrity.

I mention these names of the dead past because in my day that dead past was the live present, and there may be others who haven't quite forgotten the beguiling charm of the simple statement, I am no crook. (Why do you say so, then?)

Anybody who can play Monopoly can write poetry. When I began to write poetry we weren't playing Monopoly, we were playing tin kazoos—Keep the Home Fires Burning, Over There, My Buddy, and K-K-K-Katy.

And I am still writing poetry, but somehow I still just don't ever seem to be suddenly overwhelmed by an impulse to commit suicide.

Last night I came to a door that said, in English, not French, Violins Made, 2nd Floor:

*I like a man who can make a violin*
*he's got what it takes*
*he doesn't want to make a woman who is violent*
*flings off her clothes and shakes*
*which makes him think Oh, Clemenceau, Oh Steifetz*
*She's got talent but she's no Jascha Heifetz*

And then I saw a news item in *Le Figaro*, spelling it Sadate, which impelled the following little game of words, which may inspire you to your first million:

*sedate Sadat said*
*sad to say*
*I sat and ate*
*so many dates*
*I am now sated*
*man and satiated*

Give it a go, what can you lose, you're far from home anyhow, and you can always go still farther. (Based on an original idea of Robert Frost.)

**William Saroyan**



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# March Miscellany

*This selection begins with a group of three poems that we print in homage to the late Robert Lowell. The first was submitted at Lowell's suggestion by a student in his last writing class at Harvard, the second was written in obsequy by a friend and neighbor in Maine, the third addresses Lowell directly.*

*The second group is made up of poems from other continents: two concerned with African scenes and one with India, sober work all three, in an ascending order of intensity.*

*In a third group are* divertimenti *not without bite: a portrait of an underworld voyeur, a song of the channels, an epigram on nought.*

*A final and graver group contains three meditations: a new treatment of an old* topos *(the "course" of life), a case study with reference to a Feast, and a statement of preference in the matter of getting on.—R.F.*

## A Set of Four

The youngest birches sag their skeletons
downward, wincing toward the hem of earth.
These thin trees are convulsed by winter. They
are painful to see, like unloved bridesmaids,
in line, all life clotted out by the snow.

A stag stumbles out of the grey marsh to
the road. The pride of unkilled venison,
the bark-brown massive head with branched bonings
peers, lumbers, leaves, quickly, as if hunters
are in the wind, trembling, trembling, trembling.

Birds, horses, humans crenulate the sand,
and the beach grass roots stand like fencers, tight
and ready for aquatic lunges, foils.
A grey-green air sifts from the castle walls.
The marbled sea weeps and is not ashamed.

The common thing is more beautiful than
the uncommon sometimes. There is wonder
in an egg-shaped granite stone with the feel
of peach, worn by millenia. I found
a beach of them, just like that each, nude, plain.

*Jessica Shoher*

## Remembering Robert Lowell

The message you brought back again and again
from the dark brink had the glitter of truth.
From the beginning, you told it as memoir:
even though you didn't cause it,
the memoir kept saying of the trouble it told,
it was your familiar when it came.

Your language moved slowly towards our language
until we saw that we were all immigrants—
had perhaps been shipped as convicts—
from the land of your reluctant indictment.

It was your jokes and stories, when you were alive,
the wry imitation and the bad boy's laugh,
that roped us from the brink you led us to.
We will miss that laughter, left to the glittering poems,
the raw gist of things.

To punish the bearer of evil tidings
it is our custom to ask his blessing. This you gave.
Now it dawns on each of us separately
what this entails.

*William Meredith*

## Dragging

A whole week. Out of
the north all day.

A dry cold. The wind
clean as split oak.

Dark islands, dark as
the march of whitecaps.

Under hills hard on
the shoreline: churches,

settlements, planted
like bones. Out here,

the boat on good marks,
we let the wire out:

the drag plunges and
tugs. First light to

first dark, we tow, dump,
set, tow. Numb to what

cuts our hands, we set,
tow, dump, mend; tow until

dark closes down. We clean
the catch heading in

through dark to the thin
walls of our lives, grown

numb to the wind, numb
to the dark, to all we've

dragged for and taken,
shells returned to

that other dark that
weighs the whole bottom.

*Philip Booth*

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## Letter

*for Louise*

You would notice the humor: storks
at work in the fields collecting seeds,
the pointing tips of djellabas
that stick up at odd angles—
closer to God, perhaps. The palms are dramatic,
waving wildly in wind. At their centers
the rust colored fronds remain still.
You, of course, see the irony in this.
*The rain stops and starts all day,*
the horns left over from the Europeans'
New Year still sound in every street.
It's exotic all right.
It makes me gloomy and I imagine
snow fields without storks, corn instead of kif,
and little children off to school,
their hair lighter than snow,
speaking English, their mothers' kisses
still blossoming on their rosy cheeks.
But it is dusk here,
veiled figures go by outside my window,
the lights across the Straits begin to appear.
The bats have begun to feed, and the starlings,
in a frenzy, circle, and float home.

*Daniel Halpern*

## Agricultural Award Ceremonies, Tigre Province, 1971

Once in the Geba Valley
five miles from Mekelle
he gave a speech to
some farmers, gathered
to celebrate their courage
he talked about risk
the chances they had taken
what it meant for
people who would die
if things did not work

He spoke against the sputter
of the irrigation pump coming
up from the river bottom
they listened quietly, politely
first to him in English
then to Radazgy's translation
he was pleased with himself
for saying what he had
without knowing beforehand
and feeling it very strongly

Then the ululations of the women
shrill in their ribboned shammas
as the Ras came up behind him
taking his place at the microphone
heavy, almost fat, soft-spoken
but very much the Prince
handing out hoes and shovels
prizes for the biggest crops
the winners probably chosen by
the provincial development officer
in return for a bushel of peppers

Coming forward as their names were called
the men, first on their hands and knees
then the last ten feet on their faces
he had never seen men grovel
not physically, at least
and he wondered how the dust
smelled and tasted, rising
around each head and the
little path it made on its
way to kissing the Prince's shoes
that looked Italian, expensive

The prizewinners retreating, scuttling now
facing the Prince until reaching
their friends at the edge of the crowd
inside the tent, steaming bowls of
stew, and piles of the sourdough
he had come to like but now
was not hungry for, sipping tej,
accepting a fork from a woman
black dress, fine delicate
face of the Amhara, eyes that
saw through him, slight smile
*the Princess, tall and slender*

Granddaughter of the Emperor
sitting beside him now, smiling
as he told her who he was, shyly
then the lululu of the women
again the voice of Africa
Landrovers, dust, soldiers,
Uzzis, Thompsons, truncheons
striking unmindful shoulders
pressing forward to touch
Prince and Princess
departure, dust again

Years later, *after the revolution*
he would think of faces pushing themselves
across the dry ground of Tigre
and dark, sweet-faced ladies
in black dresses

*Jestyn Portugill*

## Violence

The day dims. When I open and shut
    my mouth.
the darkness chokes inside.
The sad light pushes against a bullock-cart
    —driver's whip
which rests in a corner of the corridor,
safe from the black pressure of dragging ribs.

So we drag the meanings from what we see.
The light goes on
    mauling the unseen creatures with the wide wild
pupils. Yet how real is it? How real
    *the miracle of murder, in the strung sparkling*
carp on a measured line of leisure?

Perhaps I would want to touch nothing here.
The children sit in their classrooms,
    shrunk like caged slaves, pointing accusing fingers,
hands that keep their hold on coins in their pockets
    with peaceful Gandhi heads.
Hands that open and close,
    gasping in the darkness.

*Jayanta Mahapatra*

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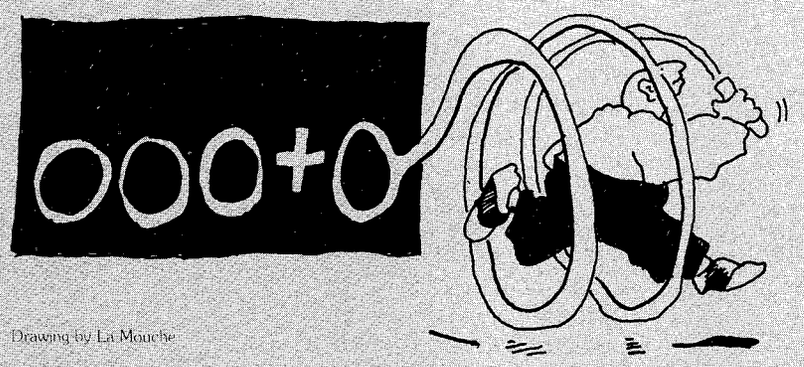


Drawing by La Mouche

## The Invention of Zero

Arithmetic's anonymous Hindu hero
altered the sum of things by adding zero,

ushering digits upward place by place
to scout the outer curve of outer space.

Immensities of distance, mass and weight
came to be prey and play of chalk and slate,

bane to our sophomore doodling his exam.
Can't we inspire him to a dithyramb

on powers compact within the simple O?—
The world itself was made *ex nihilo.*

*Robert B. Shaw*

## The Microscope

He is a one-eyed iron monk
staring down through his long black nose
at the glass navel that I slide
into his lap; a one-horned little hunchback
that can suddenly shift an onion skin
into a sheet of interlocking hexagons,
a miniature fish net;
just a twist of his silver ears
will give us the circus of cells,
the microbes jumping in revolt
against the clean ranks of the corpuscles
at the bottom of a deep black well;
If it's something less alive,
or even dead, we are suddenly
swimming in a drop of boiled water
or scanning the arctic peaks of a grain of salt.
He is a laboratory cyclops
who cannot be defied;
he has the vision of the truly one-eyed.

*Lawrence Dugan*

## Falling in love with Dorothy Malone

There she is like manna traipsing
down a staircase, Dorothy Malone:
those tweaky eyes, that flesh of leg.
It's Irwin Shaw's whodunit thriller,
*Tip on a Dead Jockey.* Robert Taylor
plays her swarthy husband who's hell-bent
to smuggle whatnot through the Alps.
It's 1957, vintage Dorothy Malone.
I switch channels. There she is again.
It's 1969, *The Pigeon* with old salt
and pepper Pat Boone and Sammy Davis.
She's a mobster's widow. She keeps
his black book. The mob's after her.
It's car chases and fist fights.
Boone's a pushover, Davis is camp.
Dorothy's herself, possibly better:
solid curves and bountiful hair.
Where is she now, O horn of plenty?
I fumble for the switch again.
Somewhere in those twelve years I know
that loveliness is lonely, and time
will keep her for anyone falling
in love, love, love with Dorothy Malone.

*Harold Bond*

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## Easter

Spring, when the evil of the world
dresses with a whore's flamboyance,
japonica, forsythia fountain the red and gold
of Hell. My grandmother thrashes in the madhouse,
a great beauty in a jungle of screams.

Medicine tricked her in here. Now only pain
can set her free. It must be the pain,
whipping those miraculous cheeks
pink and fresh as a girl's. From the torment
of drug withdrawal she has returned, wasted,
to the angelic figure of an ancient child.

If only she were as easily comforted!
A child cries in the night, you switch on a lamp
and the terrors fade like morning stars.
But at noon my grandmother's cell
is a hazard of devils
and the drug of light has lost its power.

She's afraid the priest might hear her bargaining
with some chiropractor of evil
to yank the pitiless kinks out of her spine.
A long life of begging for the longer life
of her spirit, and it has come to this!
She'd junk it for a single night of rest.
She waves away the holy bread and wine,
for there's no more hunger to feed her suffering.

*Daniel Mark Epstein*

## Conditioning

As when a jogger, in the dead of spring,
Trudges through a stand of flowering trees,
Determined to flense winter's fat, and sees
White apple, blood plum, just now opening,
And he drinks deep that air, remembering
How part of him would rather his weak knees
Collapsed to earth and all his memories
Lay down like wings about him—how birds sing,
Simply; and he remembers that to climb
Fruit trees gave pleasure once, while the other part
Runs forward on its course, paying no heed
To what it must traverse to make good time:
Just so, for each always, this heavy heart,
But for the journey to its end, due speed.

*Thomas James*

## Weathering

I am old enough now for a tree
once planted, knee-high, to have grown to be
twenty times me,

and to have seen babies marry, and heroes grow deaf—
but that's enough meaning-of-life.
It's living through time we ought to be connoisseurs of.

From wearing a face all this time, I am made aware
of the maps faces are, of the inside wear and tear.
I take to faces that have come far.

In my father's carved face, the bright eye
he sometimes would look out of, seeing a long way
through all the tree rings of his history.

I am awed by how things weather: the oak mantel
in the house in Spain, fingered to a sheen,
The mark of hands leaned into the lintel,

the tokens in the drawer I sometimes touch—
a crystal lived in on a trip, the watch
my father's wrist wore to a thin gold sandwich.

It is an equilibrium
that wears the cresting seasons but still stays calm
and keeps warm. It deserves a good name.

Weathering. Patina, gloss and whorl.
The trunk of the almond tree, gnarled but still fruitful.
Weathering is what I would like to do well.

*Alastair Reid*

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# Books Considered

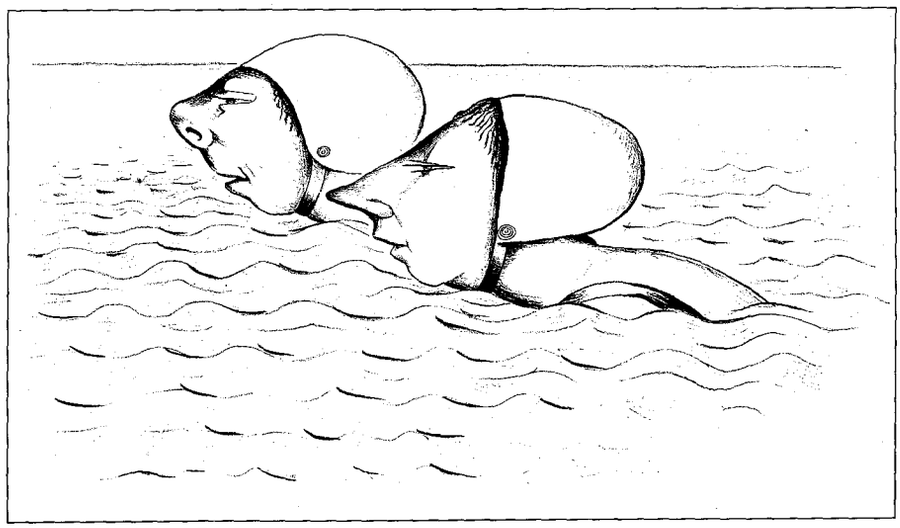
## Lithographs of the Thirties and Forties by Caroline Durieux

(Louisiana State University Press; $14.95)

I suppose Caroline Durieux of Louisiana was born too far South (and continues obstinately to live and work in and around New Orleans) for the critical telescopes of New York art critics, but the publication of a collection of her lithographs by the Louisiana State University Press, the second such collection she has issued, gives the lover of fine black-and-white work another opportunity to consider the worth of an artist who was once, I am told, asked by *The New Yorker* to replace Helen Hokinson. This offer Caroline immediately turned down for two reasons, if the rumor be correct. The first was that she didn't want a position where she was supposed to be continuing the work of somebody else. The second is that she is Louisiana to the core, so much so, indeed, that unless one has lived in that part of the world for some time, or knows more about the Mardi Gras, religion, social customs, and what is in America almost a foreign way of life, one will miss the point of her wonderful lithographs.

Some pictorial satirists go to work with a meat-axe and some with a stiletto, but Mrs. Durieux prefers the finest and sharpest of needles. The present book contains 58 lithographs, most of them done in the '30s and '40s and some of them repeated from an earlier collection. The repetitions do not matter—they simply increase the riches of the book. The collection is split into three divisions: Latin America, the New Orleans subjects, and The Tragic Spirit; and a text is provided by Richard Cox of Baton Rouge, where the state university is, and who obviously gets around, since he was born in Los Angeles and was granted a PhD by the University of Wisconsin. The text includes some biographical details and some comment, usually fine, on the pictures.

Caricature depends upon exaggeration, but good caricature depends upon the capacity of an artist to include precisely the right amount of exaggeration without losing contact with human credibility. One of my favorites in the present collection is entitled "Fish" and shows two heads in bathing caps, one that of a man and the other that of a woman, in a body of water indicated by the fewest possible wavy lines, each with its fine side and its darker side, and a horizon as straight as a ruler. The fishlike appearance of the two swimmers is produced by an emphasis on bathing caps, and facial profiles human enough, in all conscience, but so managed that they look like aquatic animals. The facing page is of a totally different nature. Entitled "Preview," its locale is a pseudo-classic art gallery, with only pictures visible, and a group of gallery patrons in the background a little bored with the whole thing. But the central element in the lithograph is a male figure in white tie staring at a picture that obviously puzzles him as he views it (he faces the spectator). The face is beyond praise. It has the large ears that Mrs. Durieux affects, one of her extraordinary noses-cum-nostrils, and the faintest suggestion of a mustache and disapproving lips. The eyes, eyebrows, and wrinkled forehead are, however, the neatest features of the whole. Never was a businessman more earnestly striving to comprehend either the subject or the details of a modern canvas we cannot see.



"Fish" (1936) by Caroline Durieux

The most powerful prints are those gathered in the third section, and I have space to speak of only one, but that is masterly. Against an ink-black background only the white part of an exile's face is seen; and I do not know whether to admire more the treatment of the eyebrows and the hair, or that of the powerful, vulpine nose hooked over a pair of partially open and beautifully modeled lips. Here is the quintessence of despair.

In the same section is one of my favorites, "Desiree," a prostitute long past her prime but still wearing (perhaps she has no other) some of the garments that once made her seductive. Her swollen breasts above her distended belly, all framed by a pair of muscular arms, are both disgusting and pitiful; and her hair (Caroline is wonderful with hair), frowzy though it may be, is still adorned with an ornament once attractive in the trade. She is seated on the wooden porch of a dilapidated Bourbon Street house, and Mrs. Durieux has studied the house, or what we see of it, quite as carefully as she has Desiree. The sleazy slats at door and window, the decaying bricks and plaster have been produced with both a beautiful and cruel fidelity. As for the woman's facial expression—disgust, weariness, and a fear of being alone—one has to see the picture to understand that here is a life totally gone to ruin.

I have left the New Orleans numbers to the last. They include a wonderful and simple line drawing of three figures in a commencement procession, whose caps are worn at precisely the wrong angle, whose academic gowns are given with a minimum of line but whose eyes are nothing but pools of darkness, wonderfully effective in giving the boredom and awkwardness of the faculty on parade. Next to it is "Academic Portrait" of the same general structure so far as head, cap, and gown are concerned, but whose impossibly long, thin face and skull, pursed lips, scratchy mustache and close-cropped hair all create an air of smugness that is hilariously funny.



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Another favorite of mine is two rows of women in a piece called "Beauty Salon"; "The Veil," an impossibly self-willed seven women, each in the uniform that goes with hairdrying, and keep them individuals I do not know. Of the three most prominent figures, one is brooding, one is asleep, and a third, younger woman is apparently recalling her past troubles. The organizing principles here are circles and half-walls against which the hair-dryers stand, row on row.

On the whole the Mardi-Gras subjects seem to me less successful than other of her New Orleans themes—"The Veil," an impossibly self-willed woman with an ugly mouth, a veil that does nothing to diminish her hardness, and for background, a New Orleans window with fringed curtains. "Taxidermy" is, I take it, an older job—a woman with a bird's nose and a stuffed bird with a long beak and an incredibly startled look, as if it had lit there by mistake. The woman's hair is smooth and somehow suggests an over-size nest. But I conclude with a lithograph called "Dinner," four guests such as only New Orleans can produce, and in the middle of the table an epergne with as many arms as an octopus (though more twisted), each arm or sub-arm ending in a bowl of fruit, one of which almost brushes the ceiling. I must also call attention to a masterly picture called "Exit" —the end of a performance in a theater, the central figures being a New Orleans *grande dame* sound asleep, her hands clutching an interminable set of beads; and next to her an enraptured debutante with wide, wide dark eyes, clutching a program and unable to believe the show is over.

But this is a collection so rich in variety that every reader will have his own favorites and wonder why this writer didn't mention this one or that one.

**Howard Mumford Jones**

*Howard Mumford Jones* won a Pulitzer Prize in 1964 for *O Strange New World: American Culture, the Formative Years.*

## Bastard in the Ragged Suit
## by Herman Spector
## edited by Bud Johns and Judith S. Clancy

(Synergistic Press; $12.50)

Herman Spector was a poet of some importance in the American left during the 1920s and the early 1930s. His work appeared in *New Masses, Blues, Dynamo* (of which he was a founding editor), *Partisan Review, Poetry* and other magazines. The publication in 1933 of *We Gather Strength,* a collection of work by Spector and three other poets, was hailed by a number of critics as a landmark in proletarian literature. Nelson Algren memorized the entire book and later trekked from Chicago to New York specifically to meet Spector and one of the other contributors. Ezra Pound thought his work important and so did George Oppen and Kenneth Rexroth.

In the mid-1930s, the politics went bad for Spector and, with only a few minor exceptions, he stopped publishing. He didn't stop writing: his wife said the writing continued as before, but now he regularly destroyed everything he wrote. When Spector encountered an old friend in Brooklyn in 1949, he claimed he hadn't written a line in the past 18 years, a curious lie. During the last 10 years of his life (he died in 1959, the day before his 54th birthday), he worked as a New York cabdriver. During that time, he began taking his writing seriously again: though he submitted nothing for publication, he began documenting the things he saw from his cab, and he began drawing. He planned to pull some of the sketches together into a novel, but he died before the book took shape.

This excellent collection contains much of Spector's published poetry and prose, extensive selections from the unpublished manuscripts of the 1950s, 45 of his splendid drawings, and a fine introductory essay by Johns and Clancy.

Most of the writers with whom Spector associated during his early years were, like himself, desperately trying to create art and trying to survive; most of them drowned trying. In a 1929 letter published in *New Masses,* Spector wrote, "I will never write until I can breathe more freely. I assure you there is no fun being a proletarian and listening to discussions of 'revolutionary art' when it stands to reason you can't slave 12 hours a day like a slob and create any kind of art at the same time."

For the next five years, he tried to keep it going with poems, stories, reviews and essays; some of them break down under the weight of Party diction, but much of the material is brilliant. Then the Party decided poetry was no longer essential to the program, and Spector seems to have been left without the slender rationale that permitted him to link his private anger and bitterness to public concern.

His writing reminds me of the writing of convicts: angry and autodidactic (he got his education at the New York Public Library), knowing deep inside that neither his anger nor his vision finally mattered to anyone. It was not surprising he could never do his novel: in a novel things make sense, they link up, there are progressions; for Spector, there were only scenes.

Some of the most interesting of Spector's writings were done during the 1950s, during his cabbie years. He writes with the perspectives of a 1930s proletarian, but one who has abandoned or lost or been abandoned by all the supportive ideology that made the grimness of that earlier vision endurable; much of the self-consciousness is gone. There are for him, finally, no connections, no ideas, no theories, just the things to be drawn in words or pictures.

He is like Roquentin in Sartre's *Nausea,* a man so immobilized by the immanence of surface facts he cannot avoid, that he can no longer hear ideas or even move. For Roquentin, life became an unending series of discrete and overwhelming facts. I suspect something like that happened to Spector when the politics soured, and though he wrote during those next 20 years, his destruction of all the pages suggests he couldn't bring the facts into focus with the ideas he still kept. It wasn't until he abandoned ideas in the 1950s that he was free to write again, and the kind of writing he did was the shortest and most immediate: the sketch. This is when the drawing began: faces, hands, rainwashed streets under the elevated train, his own face peering like an owl from a glass.



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Just like the producers of current television programs, Spector fixed on the trivial surface of life. For those television shows, the 1950s are a lovely time with a simple-minded innocence: World War II is forgotten and Korea is out of mind, Vietnam is still Indochina and it is the problem of the French, the Depression is long gone, Blacks are not yet militant, and McCarthy is hunting someone else; the primary concerns are acne, cars, getting or not getting laid. Spector's world is less pretty than those programs suggest, but he avoids the same things.

And that is not without some interest: without politics, the only thing that continued to have meaning for him was the world of those nighttime city streets. It wasn't the intellectual's world and neither was it the world of terrified professors and media people. Films like *The Front* magnify the facts: most folks in the 1950s were perfectly happy to have the Hollywood 10 in the can; Spector's streets are where those folks live. His 1950s consists of Ninth Avenue in the rain with scuzzy hookers lurking in doorways and silent drunks standing for hours in silent smoky bars, it is the devastating boredom of the job, the kidney scraping seat, the lousy dime tip after a ride up to the Bronx. Compared to Spector, Martin Scorsese's Taxi Driver glides through a world of coherence and sense: Scorsese's cabbie finds coherence in the luxury of acted-out psychosis; Spector was forever trapped in a physical world he knew too well. He was too much a realist to be adequately lyric, and too sane to ever get away. The bitter political betrayals of the 1930s perhaps unfit Spector for other places: he never seems to have trusted his stories and poems to float on their own, he finally never trusted art.

As it turned out, only a few proletarian writers of the 1930s remain of interest to anyone but the scholars. The most important surviving documents of that time, the only ones not crippled by an oversufficiency of rhetoric, are the photographs. The 1930s of imagination is not shaped by Richard Wright or John Steinbeck or Pietro di Donato; the surviving vision is silent: Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, Arnold Rothstein. If there is politics, it must be found in the object, not the utterance. Toward the end, Spector adopted that same posture: instead of screaming *listen* he just said *look*. It was a fragmented vision that would die again with each utterance, a cabbie's monologue to a passenger not even there. This fine collection brings it together in a way Spector never could, and gives the work a dignity and coherence he never appreciated.

**Bruce Jackson**

*Bruce Jackson* is director of the Center for Studies in American Culture at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

**Coming:**
Robert Coles
on
Jean Piaget

## The Guggenheims: An American Epic
by John H. Davis
(Morrow; $14.95)

## Great American Families
by Gore Vidal, V.S. Pritchett, Peter Conrad, Edward J. Epstein, Bruce Chatwin, and David Caute
(Norton; $15.95)

"Leadership requires great aristocratic families with long traditions of administration and rule; old ancestral lines that guarantee for many generations the duration of the necessary will and necessary instincts." Thus spake Friedrich Nietzsche, defining the required preconditions for the administration of an American leisure class society. While the case history of the genesis of the Guggenheims may not fit Nietzsche's aristocratic mold to a tee, it nevertheless provides for a vast encyclopedic tome full of colorful lore and intriguing figures. What is intriguing, of course, is to see how our wealthiest citizens carry on in their boardrooms, their bedrooms, and their country clubs, discreetly (but obsessively) manipulating the nation's capital, choosing its presidents and governors, generally (as Gore Vidal once averred) "creating the American empire," while perpetuating the false notion of the American Dream.

John H. Davis, the author of a previous study of the well-heeled Bouviers, has again traced the development of an unusual family, a tribe touched by scandal, eccentricities, and achievements—philanthropic, social, and cultural. Davis is an avid, although discriminating, admirer of the Guggenheim, but he is first of all a biographer and he will not tarnish his reputation by whitewashing the warts off his sometimes bespotted cast of characters. The result is a well-documented but eminently readable overview of a family that has helped direct the course of contemporary American society. The story begins in the ghetto of Lengnau, Switzerland, with Meyer Guggenheim, whose father was forever brooding over the persecution of the Jews and the impossibility of advancing himself in the world. Emigrating to the United States in 1847, Meyer Guggenheim engaged in various enterprises, starting as a pushcart vendor in Philadelphia and later establishing several firms, one that specialized in Swiss embroideries and another that manufactured stove polish. He abandoned both businesses in 1885 and organized the Philadelphia Smelting and Refining Company, with smelters in Colorado and Mexico, and a refinery in New Jersey. In a country that did not tax income, opportunities presented themselves that no longer exist. The firm of M. Guggenheim's Sons, incorporated in 1882, extended the tentacles of its omnivorous operation outward in all directions, investing in copper and lead canyons, gold and silver mines, diamond fields, parlaying a few thousand dollars into a worldwide network valued in the hundreds of millions. By 1905, the year of Meyer Guggenheim's death, the family had risen to the pinnacle of the nation's power structure.



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The Guggenheim fortune was divided evenly between Meyer's seven sons, five of whom—Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, and Simon—carried on the tradition of the family corporation, demonstrating the same power-mongering drive and "pathological" infatuation with money as their father before them. The remaining brothers, art impresario Peggy Guggenheim's father Ben, and playboy William, strayed far from the maddening fold. Ben went down with the *Titanic*, and William expatriated to Europe where he indulged in whatever sensual pleasures money could buy.

Although the business triumphs are fully chronicled, along with the necessary economic and financial victories, Davis gives main emphasis to the "human" aspect of the saga, salting the epic with an easy mastery of his facts, peppering it with a generous supply of anecdotes and personal interviews. Among the later descendants whose private and public lives he depicts are two ambassadors, a senator, the author Harold Loeb (the Robert Cohn of Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*), the controversial archaeologist Iris Love, draws one anomalous comparison after ble" of modern art), and publisher Roger W. Straus, director and founder of Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

More so than almost any other extravagantly affluent American family, the Guggenheims felt a need to turn their attention away from pure finance to the more noble cosmos of literary, scientific, and philanthropic advancement. The general procedure was for one or two members of the clan to continue the sacrosanct business of making money, while the creative brothers or sisters carried on the job of culture and public charity. Their roots were solidly intertwined with hospital pavilions, clinics, educational facilities, aeronautic and medical research, benevolent societies, and religious organizations. In 1925 Simon Guggenheim and his wife established the Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation "to further the development of scholars and artists by assisting them to engage in research in any field of knowledge and artistic creation in any of the fine arts including music, under the freest possible conditions." The Guggenheim Museum, at times referred to as Frank Lloyd Wright's Fifth Avenue "cement mixer," was no less an achievement. Nor was the Harry F. Guggenheim Foundation; dedicated to developing a program to improve "man's relation to man," it helped fund such otherwise impossible projects as Jane Goodall's Tanzania expeditions and L.S.B. Leakey's African excavations.

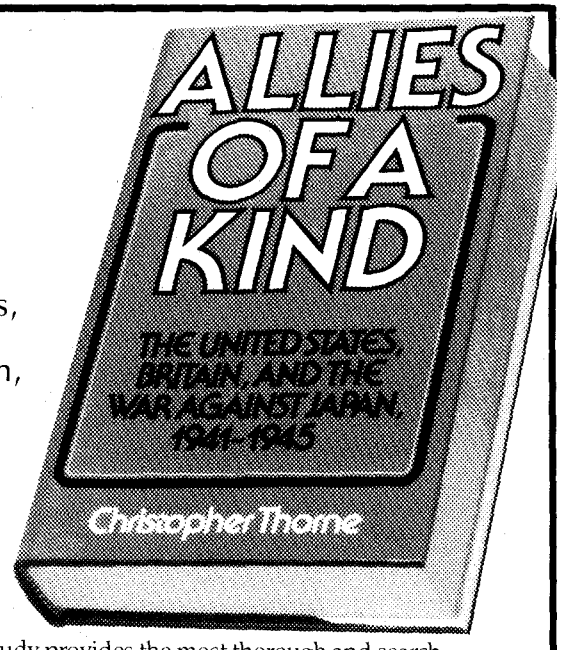
The pedants will probably tear Davis apart for the capital offense of being entertaining; nevertheless, until a more complete study comes along, this account of the Guggenheim phenomenon will certainly serve as the family's definitive history. A lesser claim must be made on behalf of *Great American Families*, a journalistic "text and photo" review of the effect on the national landscape of a half dozen extremely influential aristocratic dynasties: the Adamses, Vanderbilts, Fords, Guggenheims, Roosevelts, and Rockefellers. Gore Vidal, who has penned both an introduction to the books and the chapter on the Adams family, informs us that the volume's purpose is to convey some of the ways in which certain leading families have been able to persevere, not only in the public domain but in the private sector as well, while laboring assiduously to gain control of a large slice of the American pie. Ostensibly, the idea behind *Families*—the rise from humble origins, the acquisition of money and power—is solid enough; yet the execution of the project is so perfunctory, so lacking in life and substance, that one must ask oneself why it was even carried out.

Numerous examples can be found of careless research, sloppy writing, ineffective editing. The volume is overpriced, the scholarship undernourished. In his keynote essay on the Adamses, for instance, Vidal writes: "The facts of John


ALLIES OF A KIND

The United States, Britain, and the War Against Japan, 1941-1945

By CHRISTOPHER THORNE




This remarkable new study provides the most thorough and searching inquiry yet into the West's conflict with Japan. Christopher Thorne explores not only foreign policies in the conventional sense, but also strategic, racial, commercial, and other aspects of the war. Much new evidence from unpublished official material and private papers is revealed here for the first time. We learn, for example, of President Roosevelt's ideas for a program of racial interbreeding in the Far East, and of some of the secret intelligence activities that were being carried out, which on the part of the British included breaking one of the main American diplomatic codes. Set within the context of the West's involvement in Asia, from the arrival of Vasco da Gama to the American defeat in Vietnam, *Allies of a Kind* offers a great deal of startling evidence and many provocative conclusions.

Christopher Thorne is Professor of International Relations at the University of Sussex.

1978 800 pp.; 3 maps $29.50

*Price is subject to change.*

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Adams' early career are unremarkable. He attended Harvard; studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1785." Unremarkable facts are here remarkably botched: Adams did not, in fact, "study" law in the conventional sense but apprenticed himself to the Boston attorney, Rufus Putnam, for the simple reason that in the year cited no law school existed in the United States. Vidal's gaffe is by no means the exception. Writing about Henry Ford and Ford's egregious brood, David Caute draws one anomalous comparison after another: "Amid the kind of coast-to-coast excitement generated in our own time by the film *Jaws*, Ford unfurled the Model A: bigger, faster, prettier." By the same measure, might we not compare the Model T to the film *Gone With the Wind*, the T-Bird to *Star Wars*?

Or what are we to make of British critic Peter Conrad's regrettable analysis of Nixonian politics in his tract on the Roosevelts (Teddy, Franklin, and Eleanor), which asserts that "Nixon was too serious a politician to be an acceptable president."? As if his case were central to the cause, Nixon keeps popping up in these pages. Edward Jay Epstein, reflecting on the brothers Rockefeller, endeavors to demonstrate that the brothers' style and methodology of rule bear a strong likeness to the dictatorial methods employed by Nixon during his reign, that in fact Henry Kissinger was the henchman behind both regimes. Bruce Chatwin, discussing the Guggenheims, manages to ignore Nixon but appears also to have overlooked the importance of accuracy. In his opening paragraph he informs us that Meyer Guggenheim arrived in America in 1848, and a few paragraphs further correctly amends the date to 1847. Of this jumbled collection of family sketches, averaging barely 7500 words apiece, only V.S. Pritchett on the Vanderbilts has etched a passable portrait, but no more than that. The volume's slipshod text is matched by its commonplace selection of illustrations and photographs—the usual fare of mansions, sailing vessels, and baby pictures. Under better circumstances, with judicious editing and a choice assortment of essays and photographic material, this might have made a worthwhile anthology.

**C. David Heymann**

*C. David Heymann* is the author of *Ezra Pound: The Last Rower* and *The Quiet Hours*, a book of verse.

# Robin Winks on mysteries

Andras Goldinger

**Red Anger**
by Geoffrey Household
(Penguin Books; $1.95)

**Hostage: London**
by Geoffrey Household
(Little Brown; $8.95)

**An Autobiography**
by Agatha Christie
(Dodd, Mead; $15)

**Murder Ink: The Mystery Reader's Companion**
by Dilys Winn
(Workman; $7.95)

**The Encyclopaedia Sherlockiana**
by Jack Tracy
(Doubleday; $10)

**The Second Deadly Sin**
by Lawrence Sanders
(Putnam; $9.95)

**Flynn**
by Gregory McDonald
(Avon; $1.95)

**Kyd for Hire**
by Timothy Harris
(Dell; $1.75)

**The Silent Salesman**
by Michael Z. Lewin
(Knopf; $7.95)

**The Silent World of Nicholas Quinn**
by Colin Dexter
(St. Martin's; $7.95)

**An Up and Coming Man**
by Frank Branston
(St. Martin's; $7.95)

**Fago**
by Berton Roueché
(Harper & Row; $8.95)

**Angel Dance**
by M.F. Beal
(Daughters Publishing; $5)

**Chronicles of Lucius Leffing**
by Joseph Payne Brennan
(Donald M. Grant; $7)

**The Gotland Deal**
by N.J. Crisp
(Penguin; $1.95)

**Stateline**
by John van der Zee
(Pyramid; $1.50)

Geoffrey Household is the least consistent writer I know. So inconsistent, indeed, as to make one wonder whether he is two people, alternating. Such clear inconsistency in quality may usually be attributed to one person with two consciously chosen styles, as when John Creasey writes well as J.J. Marric and really quite atrociously as Jeremy Yorke. Adam Hall is excellent and taut; Elleston Trevor is boring and flaccid. These consciously chosen personae hint of Jung. Geoffrey Household hints of Freud. For, one asks, how is it that the author of two genuine classics—I vote for *Rogue Male* and *Dance of the Dwarfs*—and of several other fine books (including *The High Place*, *A Rough Shoot*, and *Watcher in the Shadows*) can also have written books as bad as *Arabesque*, *Olura*, and *Red Anger*? And what led Penguin to choose this last, utterly improbable, book to reprint with two of the very good ones, thus exposing the writer's inconsistency all the more clearly? *Red Anger* is awkwardly constructed, replete with meaningless red herrings, and despite Household's usual effective description of the way in which one may go to ground in the English countryside, quite without suspense. One literally never cares what will happen to the book's foolish characters, who show not one jot of professionalism in performance of their duties. The CIA, KGB, and MI5 are all shown to be incompetent, and Adrian Gurney, who fakes his suicide in order to escape boredom and then is surprised that his new persona, as a Romanian refugee from a Russian trawler, gets him into trouble, is an unlikely modern hero.



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Why, then, should the next immediate book, *Hostage: London*, be so good? And good against much recent competition, for two other generally fine writers have gone this route before: Francis Clifford in *The Grosvenor Square Goodbye* and Paul Theroux in *The Family Arsenal*. All three show a vulnerable, claustrophobic London, a city that is a cluster of small villages in which any international band of terrorists may hold a group of people, a square, an entire city for hostage. Household makes his plot all too believable: an anarchist band proposes to demolish the heart of London with an atomic bomb. One of the boys in the band, Julian Despard, finds that he cannot tolerate the enormity of the plot, turning against his training much in the way Sern does in Francis Ryck's *Sacrificial Pawn*. Despard believes he can work more quickly alone than Scotland Yard can and does not inform on his colleagues. Thus Household sets up the classic tension of the "man on the run" thriller precisely as John Buchan did in 1915 with *The 39 Steps*, giving his hero a task to perform against a ticking clock and pitting him alone against both the forces of good and the forces of evil. London is caught with the same sense of urgent detail that Household has brought in the past to his rural hides, and were the whole not related as though from the pages of Despard's diary, a clumsy device not handled here with any special finesse, one could say that *Hostage: London* had returned Household to the top of the heap.

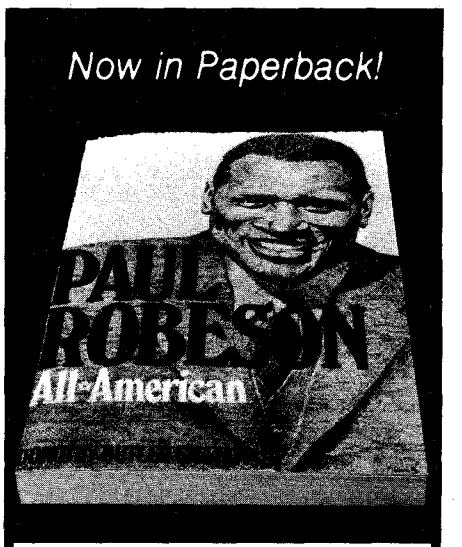
Another old friend who is back, in what truly must be her final bow, is Agatha Christie, in *An Autobiography*. Long, leisurely, written with the same unassuming, utterly effective style her legions of readers have come to take for granted, this autobiography is a study in an author's perception of herself. The persona is not revealed so much in what is said as in what is not said. We learn nothing about her famous amnesia and quite a bit, all interesting, about growing up. She tells us that she decided to write her autobiography while at Nimrud, and she carries her story to her seventy-fifth year. Her favorites among her own books were *Crooked House* and *Ordeal by Innocence*, and perhaps *The Moving Finger*—all three very odd choices—and she liked *The Mystery of the Blue Train* least. She also promises never to publish a book she felt was really bad, and her judgment must have gone off since *Passenger to Frankfurt* came later. Her sense of proportion is interesting, for she reaches page 411 before she marries Max Mallowan. Faithful fans will like the autobiography, for it is written with Agatha Christie's customary good common sense and eye for detail. Some "sausage machine."

There is much fascinating detail in a remarkable new book perpetrated by Dilys Winn, former owner of Murder Ink, the New York book store that specializes in detective and spy fiction. An encyclopedia of sorts, *Murder Ink: The Mystery Reader's Companion*, is crammed with goodies: the evolution of the trench coat, where to buy Nero Wolfe's yellow silk pajamas, how to prepare a false passport, how different poisons work, a history of the English police, a list of the books which have won the Crime Writers' Association's Gold and Silver Daggers, etc., etc. Many of the pieces in this potpourri are written by mystery writers: P.D. James, Peter Dickinson, James McClure, Colin Watson; by reviewers: John Leonard, Clifford Ridley, Otto Penzler, me; by practitioners: Joan Kahn, Anthony Spiesman, doctors of medicine, doctors of philosophy, forensic odontologists. It is quite possibly the best book on detective fiction ever published precisely because it doesn't take itself seriously, and anyone who likes a book for casual dipping will want this one.

Less so, perhaps, *The Encyclopaedia Sherlockiana*, edited by Jack Tracy, the latest contribution to a crowded field. Here is a reference book which tells one everything anyone might conceivably ask about the Holmes canon. The entries range from out of fashion words one encounters in "The Sign of Four" to population statistics as of 1901 for all place names in the Works. The editor has provided 3,500 main entries and 8,000 story citations, and if some seem rather obvious—an essay on where Afghanistan is, a description of a Turkish bath, the pronunciation of *pince-nez*—the editor has the ready defense that this is "a book for Americans written by an American." The book should be invaluable to the rash of Holmes imitators so recently broken out on the face of American letters.

Tracy provides no entry under *lisp*. Too bad, for one would like to know why Lawrence Sanders feels that butlers invariably lisp. Or so the evidence of *The Second Deadly Sin*, which has followed inexorably upon the 1973 success of *The First Deadly Sin*. Both sins are compulsive reading, except for the lisping butlers, and Sanders has created a very real new series figure, Edward X. Delaney. In the *First Sin* Delaney was a Captain of the New York Police Department, in the *Second Sin* he has been called out of retirement, and in both he is an avenger who seeks out a criminal through his understanding of human nature coupled with a numbing mastery of detail. There are strong overtones of Dostoevsky, more so in the first than in the second book; the first is more intricate in its exploration of attitudes toward death, sex, guilt, and illness, but it is also at times pretentious in its efforts to parallel elements in the Christ story and in its self-conscious parody of the theories of Jung. *The Second Deadly Sin* is leisurely, intricate, compelling in its exploration of the murder of a major modern American artist, but it also lacks the intricate superstructure of archetype so evident in the first.

Delaney shares with two other recently unveiled professional cops the sense of territorial imperative, of being avenging angels when their precinct is invaded. The similarity to Montreal's Lieutenant Claude LaPointe, in Trevanian's *The Main*, one of the more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neglected books of 1976, is marked. Despite superficial similarities, the identification with Gregory McDonald's Francis Xavier Flynn of Boston is less obvious. In *Flynn*, we explore what and who killed 118 passengers on a Boeing 707 as it took off from Logan airport, and the answer is all too possible in the context of present-day headlines. One hopes that Delaney, LaPointe, and Flynn will be around for some time, for collectively they humanize the stereotype of the policeman in a way that all the Wambaugh's of this world can never hope to do.

Of course we still need the private eye who can work outside the constraints—or what one hopes are the constraints—of police procedure. Dozens of authors have tried to encroach on the patent taken out by the great Trinity, Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald, and now and then there is a debut which suggests someone is getting close. In *Kyd for Hire* Timothy Harris comes closer yet, for the dialogue has the old remembered crackle and the attitudes are the same combination of mock hard/sentimental that one associates with Spade, Marlowe, and Archer. The setting is the usual: Los Angeles; the problem is the usual: the wife of a wealthy man commits suicide because she has discovered "the unspeakable", while the daughter disappears; the solution is the usual: hidden far back in childhood. Even so, the old recipe is nicely served up as though at last someone had really learned how to read James Beard as well as Freud.

The other private eye is not exactly new, for *The Silent Salesman* is Michael Z. Lewin's fifth book. He first introduced Albert Samson, inevitably compared to Spade-Marlowe-Archer on the cover of the paperback editions, in *Ask the Right Question* and *The Way We Die Now*, excellent books of their kind which have been ignored in the United States. Tough and clever, although these are shown to be qualities of a self-imposed persona, Samson proved particularly attractive in the British market, where Lewin received excellent reviews. The locale is Indianapolis, which is unusual in itself, and the Crossroads of America is nicely used in each of the books without becoming obtrusive. *The Silent Salesman* shows a growing mastery of craft and a more independent voice, and while we had learned of Samson's ex-wife earlier, we now meet his teenage daughter, who is visiting. The plot is unimportant, although complex, for the emphasis is on tone and temper, with Samson in a state of testiness most of the time.

The English continue to read about our private cops and we continue to dote on the English village policeman and the cloistered atmosphere of English life, both audiences reinforcing their stereotypes of the other's society by reading the authors who best support what they want to believe. Colin Dexter is one such English writer, and in his third book, *The Silent World of Nicholas Quinn*, he has provided a model whodunnit. The Foreign Examinations Syndicate, in Oxford, is a small group of quasi-academics who prepare closely guarded examinations which are administered overseas to students who wish to pass Cambridge O and A Level examinations for entrance into British universities. A newly hired staff member, Nicholas Quinn, who is nearly deaf, is murdered, and suspicion passes in turn upon each of his co-workers. The clues are carefully placed, the motive is tied into the current realities of Persian Gulf riches, and a variety of questions—When was George Washington assassinated? Who was Kansas-Nebraska Bill?—take on psychological relevance as Chief Inspector Morse again arrives by fits and starts at the right answer. We also learn quite a bit about beer and, as one might expect

Drawing by Eliott Banfield

from an author who is Assistant Secretary to the Oxford Delegacy of Local Examinations, about the way people really put tests together. It's a bit like reading George R. Stewart's underpraised novel, *Doctor's Oral*.

Frank Branston, in *An Up and Coming Man*, very nicely captures the petty corruption of a small English industrial city, although here the view is not academic but journalistic. The death, possibly by suicide, of a Councillor whom Tommy Tompkins, reporter for the Ridley *Guardian*, has been investigating for possible mortgage fraud, is widely attributed to "hounding by the press," and Tompkins finds he must defend his methods as well as his life. Though Tompkins is not a winning character, the town and the fraud that can accompany civic pride are nicely depicted. (Ridley, incidentally, surely must be Swindon.)

Three unusual books well worth attention also have their winning characteristics, enough so to float them above the flotsam and jetsam of routine mystery fiction. In *Fago* Berton Roueché explores the psychology of a retired couple who, out of boredom and the need for money to break from their boredom, attempt a tawdry insurance fraud. In 143 crisp pages, Roueché examines the psychology of temptation, guilt and betrayal. M.F. Beal, in *Angel Dance*, has written of a Chicana detective who seeks to save a feminist writer,


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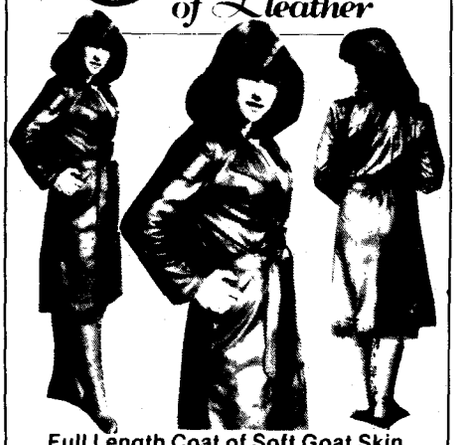

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Angel Stone. At times the writing tries too hard to be different without attaining any new insights; at other times the images come easily and there is a chilling description of a rape guaranteed to win converts to revolutionary feminism, about which the author has written a book. And Joseph Payne Brennan, in *Chronicles of Lucius Leffing*, has continued his quiet inquiries into the career of a Connecticut-based psychic investigator who, chronology suggests, lives in the present even though the mood is that of Algernon Blackwood, *Solar Pons*, and the end of the Edwardian age.

Finally, I must mention two very good books which I missed in hardcover. One, *The Gotland Deal*, by N.J. Crisp, is an unusually convincing investigation into why a translator in the British Foreign Office feels that she is being followed, even though the London police detective on the case can find no evidence. Unhappily when the action moves to Gotland itself, the conclusion is contrived, saved only by a bitter and realistic final three pages. *Stateline*, by John van der Zee, is a beautiful book about dropping out, protection of the environment, political ambition, and the way the gambling casinos on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe operate. The crime involved is not nearly as clever as the writer of the cover copy thinks, and the ending hints at a possibly happy resolution that is denied by all that has gone before, but for most of its distance *Stateline* is one of the best crime stories, in the real sense of the word, in many a year. Already 1978 looks promising, even if on last year's remnants.

# The Back of the Book

## Did Nixon Have Prior Knowledge of the Break-in?

Even with the Nixon version due out in May, and the Haldeman version such a smashing success, there is still a clear and present danger that Watergate may die out as a topic of national interest, that a few years hence the public may not clamor to the question of who-knew-what-when as the most fascinating problem in American history. The only way to prevent this, and to make sure the sequence of events is permanently embossed on the culture, is to create cultural artifacts that preserve it. Already we have plenty of books, but books are ephemeral. What we need is a diversification of effect—to apportion the Watergate story among several arts, like the tale of Orpheus, so that the details do not get lost in an undiscriminating future.

Here, then, are proposals for projects to keep the details afloat:

*Radio:* "Ask Rabbi Korff"—listeners phone in with specific questions, such as "Did Nixon have prior knowledge of the break-in?" Program includes an "I Remember" segment in which the host reminisces about heartwarming moments with John and Mo Dean, Anthony Ulasewicz, James McCord, and others; and is presented by Polygrip—"If you bite off/More than you chew,/Like Rabbi Korff/We'll stick with you."

*Television:*

a) "Watergate is Enough"—a rollicking situation comedy about a laughable, lovable Scotch-Irish family with 13 crazy kids, living up a storm during the summer of 1974 at the Hay-Adams hotel—"a pie's throw from the White House!"—and loving every wild and wacky minute of it. Hugh Beaumont, Barbara Billingsley and 13 squeezable scamps ("including two rock bands!"), each offering his own "kid's-eye view" of Watergate. Guest appearances by Jim St. Clair, Mel Laird, Dick Helms, Pat Gray, Howie Hunt and The Plumbers.

b) "The Watergame"—nine prominent Watergate figures are seated in cubicles in tiers of three, as on

**"Tolstoy's consciousness was bruised daily by the constrictions of reality,**

but in the freedom of fantasy he was able to explore and embody, without the constraint of actual circumstances, the mesh of possible relationships that might dissolve the conflict and bring life to harmony, plenitude, and happiness. In his diaries and letters the conflict is stark, simple, and repetitious. In his creative works the conflict is dynamic, multifaceted, and refined... there is more of Tolstoy in the art than in the commentaries."

In **TOLSTOY'S MAJOR FICTION** Edward Wasiolek challenges the critics who have focused on the complexity and conflicts in Tolstoy's work. Wasiolek asserts that a very real coherence exists in the immense variety of the novels; that, from Childhood to Resurrection, Tolstoy pursued a central vision of truth that would lead men to happiness. "In the final analysis," writes Wasiolek, "this corrosive intellect and cynical destroyer of so many truths held by others was a profound optimist about human nature and human fate."

As editor of the "Notebook" for Dostoevsky's five major novels, Wasiolek is already well known for his brilliant understanding of Russian literature. **TOLSTOY'S MAJOR FICTION** will further enhance his reputation.

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"Hollywood Squares," with the addition of simulated prison bars encasing each cubicle. The contestant will pick, say, Jeb Magruder, who will be asked a question such as "Did Nixon have prior knowledge of the break-in?" If Magruder says "Yes," the contestant has the choice of agreeing or not. In either case—and here's the new wrinkle—the decision is not left to off-stage judges, but to the other panelists all of whom argue furiously (thus the bars) for or against Magruder's answer. The show never gets beyond one question per week, and the contestant automatically wins a set of flatware from the Michael C. Fina Co., and a contract for a book on his experience.

c) "Meet Gordon Liddy"—Modeled on "Meet the Press," the difference being that Liddy is the guest newsmaker every week, and the journalists simply try to make him talk. Often Liddy will not say anything. Sometimes he speaks only in German aphorisms; sometimes he doesn't show up. When he does talk the idea is to trick him into answering such questions as: "Did Nixon have prior knowledge of the break-in?" (If journalists get bored with this format, they can try to make Liddy laugh, but this is not encouraged.)

*Movies*: "Rashogate" (9 hrs., 45 min.)—37 people and things present 74 versions of the same event. Most unusual is the surrealistic testimony of the keyhole at DNC headquarters: the mixed feelings of personal violation, unwitting complicity, etc. Starring Marlon Brando and Claire Bloom, with Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman as themselves. Introducing Richard Kleindienst as Egil Krogh.

*Theater* (musical): "Throat"—opens with the John Mitchellair singers behind Leon Jaworski belting the unforgettable tune from "Mame":

*Who took the wind right out of the CREEP?*
*Throat!*
*Whose knowledge travelled widely and deep?*
*Throat!*

*Theater* (off off-Broadway): "Water at the Gate"—symbolic drama about two allegorical characters representing Justice and Royalties who come before a palace protected by smoking guns and stone walls. Curtain falls with Jason Robarbs face-down on the floor, asking Hal Holbrook, or no one in particular, "Did Nixon have prior knowledge of the break-in?"

*Miscellaneous:* "Abplanalp"—a Parker Bros. game for the entire family; "Die Wassergaeter," an opera based on "Götterdämmerung," in which Ziegler and Rebozo sing the 18½ minute aria *(con segretti):* "Hat Nixon den Einbruch vorher zur Kenntnis genommen?"; the National Watergate Library; the National Watergate Scholarship Fund; a perfume—Eau de la Porte; an after-shave lotion—Aquaporte; the National Watergate Monument—a rosewood statue of a 50 ft. high stool pigeon with General Haig sitting on top of it; a comic strip hero called Halde Man who fights crime and Communists with the aid of his sidekicks Ehrlich Man and Chuck, and has the power to speak out of both sides of his mouth simultaneously while pocketing a bundle.

Last and never least, the press has a responsibility to keep Watergate alive and tingling. One way—which is already done—is to make the most of every Watergate document; vying over publication rights, scooping competitors, noting minute discrepancies from account to account, as one would with versions of the Gospel. The other—which has also already begun—is to belittle the whole Watergate craze and to scorn the crooks, liars and fast-buck artists now cashing in on it. By doing both with equal vigor, and continually, newsmen can make sure that the public will never be deprived of any aspect of this amazing tale.

**Roger Rosenblatt**


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**TRB,** *from page three*

journalist it interests me because public figures have little recourse against gossip columnists in America, where freedom of the press is uniquely guaranteed by the First Amendment. I don't know who's right in the Jordan incident. The *Washington Post*, which is becoming the Walter Winchell of journalism, carried a story by its high-jinks Sunday gossip, Rudy Maxa, describing an alleged dispute in a singles bar here, with Jordan spitting his drink down a woman's blouse. Jordan denies it; he was accompanied by two friends who deny it, too. The White House issued a 33-page rebuttal, including a 24-page statement by the bartender, one of the oddest documents in official life. Maxa says he has confirmation, too. Jordan, who is separated from his wife, has an enhanced White House role, and has recently become a kind of unofficial chief of staff.

Under similar circumstances in England this incident very likely would produce a libel suit on which Hamilton Jordan would stand or fall. It is the protection of public figures. But the Supreme Court (*New York Times* vs. *Sullivan*: 1964) ruled that public figures here, with some exceptions, do not have this recourse; they must bear what is said about them however hateful, unless malice aforethought and prevarication are positively proved. Journalistic freedom of speech is admired by every American reporter, and it is fine to work in Washington, the most open capital in the world. Yet, as a reporter, I worry. Freedom of speech carries corresponding responsibilities; a precious liberty that is abused may be taken away.

Note: I find in my lower drawer a final item; scientists report "an 11-degree drop" in the sun's surface temperature last year, the first ever recorded. This would cool off a lot of things if continued.



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## Correspondence, *from page 7*

and promotions essential for market penetration. These apparently small-scale considerations result in macro-effects when carried out through an industry.

Furthermore, a complex distribution system now focused on Japan as a source of goods makes penetration by another Japanese manufacturer that much easier. Interestingly, the *absence* of such networks in Latin America has slowed penetration of that continent—thus the Japanese come to the US as a ready market.

*Raymond Shwake*
*North Miami Beach, Florida*

## Defense spending

*To the editors:*

You may be disappointed with the Carter program for domestic needs ("Guns and Margarine," *TNR*, Feb. 4). I am disappointed with your blanket approval of the Carter program for defense spending.

Even assuming that you are correct that our NATO defenses need strengthening, why does that strengthening have to come from an increase in the defense budget? What is wrong with the Pentagon being forced to choose between some of its programs? Looking at the defense budget from another viewpoint, are not many of its programs running directly counter to our efforts to bring about a SALT II agreement?

If you are really concerned about the unmet needs in the domestic sector of our country and want to see a federal budget that will take care of those needs, then I suggest you take a hard look at the Transfer Amendment that was offered by Representative Parren Mitchell last year at the time of the adoption of the Congressional Budget. A similar Transfer Admendment will be introduced this year. It points out graphically that a bloated defense budget means much less butter, or margarine as you say, for our domestic needs, and conversely, a reduced military budget and butter for our domestic needs.

*William H. Howison*
*Portland, Maine*

## Credit due

*To the editors:*

Despite the much-discussed conservative trend in the editorial policy of *The New Republic*, I was surprised at the attack in the "Washington Diarist" (*TNR*, Feb. 25) by M.P. on Senator Ted Kennedy's efforts to prod the administration toward early recognition of the Peking government as the legitimate representative of the Chinese people.

Six years after the Nixon visit, the majority of Western nations have established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic. In fact, only 23 nations, including the United States, continue to recognize Taiwan; 112 have established diplomatic relations with Peking. There is no evidence to suggest that ending diplomatic ties and withdrawing US military forces would result in an invasion of Taiwan by the mainland Chinese.

M.P. argues that Peking has "many incentives" to contain its impatience with American reluctance to establish full diplomatic relations. I assume that he refers to Peking's growing commercial ties with the West and Japan and its need to maintain these good relations as an effective counterweight to the Soviet Union. In my view, Peking's fear of jeopardizing these relationships will serve as a sufficient incentive to prevent an invasion of Taiwan following the withdrawal of American forces.

*Larry J. Stein*
*Washington, DC*


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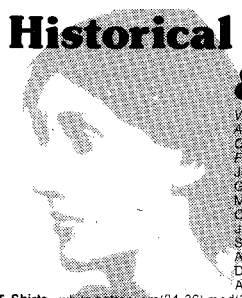

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# Washington Diarist

*Mad*

**I have always been drawn** to novelist Amos Oz's protagonists, even, and sometimes especially, to those amply touched by madness. At least once, however, I did not recognize the writer's intention. His novella "Late Love," (published in *Unto Death*), is an account of the last years of an aging Labor Zionist functionary tormented by visions of Bolshevik designs against the Jews. None of these struck me as outlandish or fanciful. On the contrary: my own reading of history made his terrors seem credible, as it has also confirmed an adage told me long ago by a wise teacher, "anyone in this world who is not paranoid is crazy." That's particularly true for the Jews. I should add in candor that no part of the story engaged me more than the obsessive's dream of final revenge upon the Soviet evildoers, and not even that made me doubt his sanity for a moment.

**So I grabbed the uncorrected proofs** of the new Amos Oz as soon as I saw it on Roger Rosenblatt's mail pile. And here I am doing what is absolutely forbidden in the trade: writing about a book more than two months before it's published. *The Hill of Evil Counsel* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) brings together three stories set in one neighborhood of Jerusalem shortly before independence. No contemporary writer I've read better tames the overwhelming materials of great events than does Oz. Again he is at his best with fantasts and dreamers, and perhaps that is also why his children are so compelling. But the bells and chants of the Old City also constantly remind that here were born man's deepest convictions; and the patter of modernist ideologies do not permit you to forget that these ancient convictions, mobilized anew, would soon again be at war. These tales, though, are exquisitely of the inner life. Of the three stories, the most powerful is "Longing." It is also, and paradoxically, the most languid. In this, it evokes comparison with Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man* and Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilyich*. Even by these standards, Oz is an extraordinary writer, indeed.

**Speaking of languor**—and the languor of old Russia at that—I recently heard and saw at the Kennedy Center an operatic version of Chekhov's *The Seagull*. The opera is by the young American composer Thomas Pasatieri, whose deft use of what so many assume to be an outmoded form promises success for much more than revivals of the old repertory. The production worked so well, so naturally, in fact, that I wondered whether anyone else had ever tried *Seagull* for opera. (My wife and I had seen some years back a wonderful film adaptation, but no one else we know seems to have.) The opera libretto is in English, which the elegant matron sitting beside me said had her confused. I inquired whether she knew Italian or German or Russian or even French. "A little bit of French, but not enough to understand . . . What's confusing in opera is when you can actually understand it, like this one." Aside from science fiction film, opera is the one medium that unabashedly and visually indulges us in the implausible and the spectacular. And maybe a foreign tongue supports these characteristics in American audiences. But opera flourishes most in vernacular language. Which does not at all mean that *The Ring* should be sung in English. But it is gratifying to hear more and more new opera sung in the language spoken by the world's most numerous opera enthusiasts.

**Almost no one remembers** that Verdi wrote his *Requiem* in memory of Alessandro Manzoni whose remarkable novel *I Promessi Sposi* (The Betrothed)—despite the valiant efforts of Mary McCarthy—is known today only by people who've had a very discriminating course in the 19th century novel. Great music always transcends the occasion for which it is written, and listeners bring their own emotions and occasions to the hearing. On the eve of Nixon's second inaugural, while Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphia Orchestra were performing Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* (with sounds of B-52s instead of cannon, a roguish friend suggested) at the official concert, Leonard Bernstein was conducting a pick-up orchestra and chorus in Haydn's *Mass in Time of War* at Washington's National Cathedral. I'd been marginally involved in this concert for peace, less—I confess—for the music than for the occasion. Bernstein conducted beautifully, inimitably, and the response he got from the performers, from those in the congregation of conscience, from the eaves of the church itself was both to the music and the moment, making this concert a plaintive demonstration against the destroyers of life in Vietnam. On that night, everyone brought shared hopes and sadnesses. Not so, of course, to any other ordinarily scheduled concert or to Mstislav Rostropovich's recent rendition, at the Kennedy Center, of the Verdi *Mass*, with his wife Galina Vishnevskaya as soprano soloist. But after it was over, the entire audience seemed to be beaming as one. That's a rare occurrence, and it is Rostropovich's achievement that he provokes it so often.

**I did notice**, as I usually do at such "high culture" events, the sparse number of blacks attending. In Washington too often, the few blacks you do see are speaking French—Francophile diplomats from Africa. Is it the cost of going to hear serious music that keeps blacks away? That could have been an explanation a few years back, along with the high psychological threshhold it might have taken to cross over into predominantly white institutions. But probably, now more than ever, the primary barrier is a self-consciousness among blacks—forced, I sometimes think—that they must choose between two cultures. The University of Maryland chorus sang the Verdi *Requiem*. I estimate it has about 150 voices, but among its numbers there were no more than three or four blacks. A decade ago when our colleges and universities had many less blacks in their student bodies, the numbers in the chorus would not have been so low. If this is a picture of the future, it is very distressing.

**I don't remember** precisely how many hours a week Jimmy Carter says he spends listening to music. It must overlap with his presidential labors, however, so I won't speculate about the quality of his listening. But I do wonder whether he tries to mesh the music he's got on his stereo with the work he's doing. For example, to what was the President listening, when he, Cy and Zbig decided to sell all those jet fighter planes to Saudi Arabia? That's a decision that would have gone well with the martial strains of the *1812* wafting so stirringly through the oval office. Music calms the nerves, even stirring music does. And when folk are engaged in madness, as Richard Nixon instinctively understood, they need as much calm as they can get.

**M.P.**



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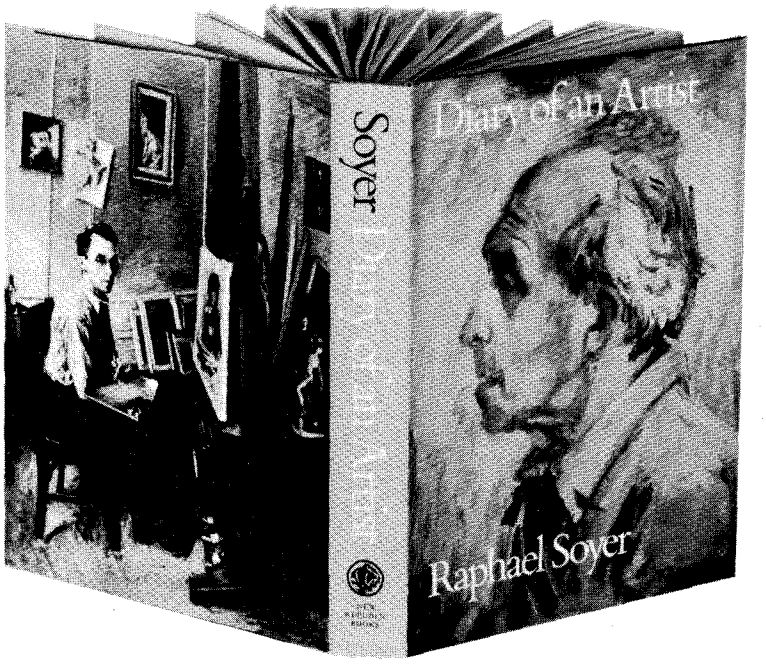
# Diary of an Artist
# Raphael Soyer

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*by Sy Levin.*

I'm an advertising copywriter. And I had an assignment to create a message about the cost effectiveness of pharmaceuticals. In other words, that you get back what you pay for them.

I was reviewing the literature when I realized it was talking about me. I have high blood pressure.

My doctor discovered it about six months ago. Today it's very much under control, thanks to a small tablet I take daily.

It's an expense and another daily "must," but when my doctor explained the alternatives, I knew I was ahead of the game.

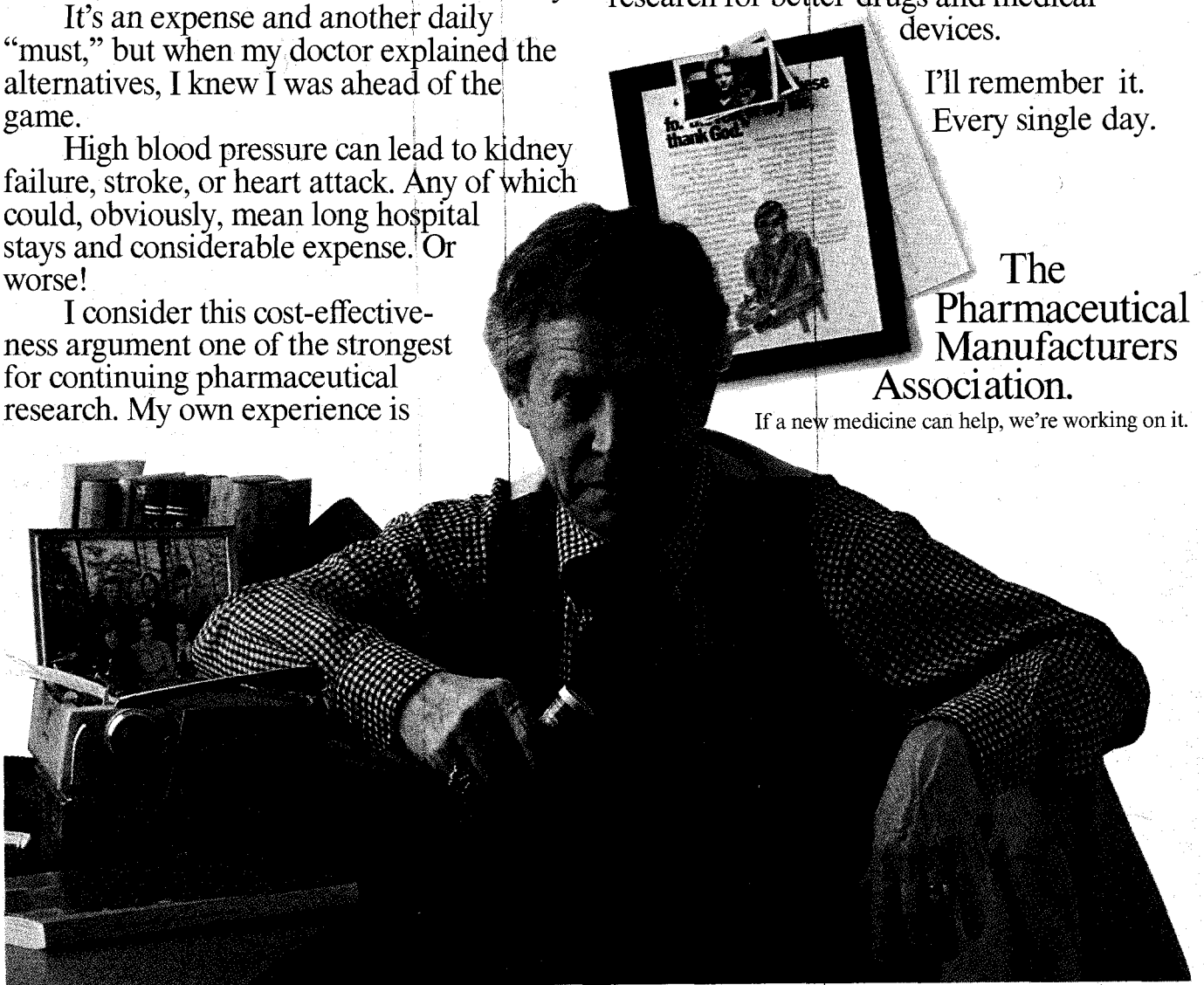
High blood pressure can lead to kidney failure, stroke, or heart attack. Any of which could, obviously, mean long hospital stays and considerable expense. Or worse!

I consider this cost-effectiveness argument one of the strongest for continuing pharmaceutical research. My own experience is only one example. For some ulcer patients, a drug that can reduce the need for surgery has recently been approved. So has another that dissolves pulmonary blood clots.

Research *will* undoubtedly lead to more breakthrough controls or cures. It'll save more suffering—and a lot of money.

Let's remember that—despite the need to hold down medical care costs. Let's remember that we dare not jeopardize research for better drugs and medical devices.

I'll remember it. Every single day.



The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

*Write for "Drugs and Devices: Tomorrow's Life and Cost Savers." PMA, Dept. NE-803, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20005*

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